JOHN BULL, MARCH 16, 1940
VOL. LXVII. 1761

UNLIMITED SAVINGS STAMPS FREE—See page 17

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

"BOIL ON WASHDAY? OH, NO!"

says Mrs. Benson, of Rock Ferry, Cheshire

"NEVER AGAIN WILL I BOIL CLOTHES ON WASHDAY! WITH OXYDOL I SIMPLY SOAK MY WHITE CLOTHES AND THEY WASH WHITER THAN EVER! WHAT'S MORE, I SAVE TWO-THIRDS WASHDAY GAS AT THE SAME TIME!"

Here's the simple Oxydol washing method Mrs. Benson uses to wash white clothes whiter than ever!

1 Simply fill the copper or tub with medium hot water.

2 Sprinkle in enough Oxydol to swish up into good lathery suds. You only need a little.

3 Let your clothes soak for 15 minutes. Then rinse in the usual way. Hang on the line and you'll be amazed how dazzling white your wash will dry — whiter than ever before!

You will find, too, that with this simple Oxydol soaking method you can soak clothes whiter than ever before!

OXYDOL SOAKS CLOTHES WHITER . . . NO BOILING! SAVES TWO-THIRDS GAS!

Everywhere, every week, women are finding that by soaking their clothes with Oxydol they can get them whiter than they ever could with old boiling methods. And, by soaking in Oxydol, they use only one-third of the gas or coal that boiling needed.

You know how tiring it is to boil clothes on washday. Well, just try the easy Oxydol soaking method next washday — and see how much fresher you feel!

Important Economy Tip: Oxydol gives you great economy advantages, too. First, clothes last much longer when soaked in gentle Oxydol suds. Second, you can do more washing, penny for penny, with Oxydol. A package of Oxydol does your big weekly wash, and dozens of other varied washing jobs as well. Change to Oxydol today, and save!

COLOURS GAY — WASH AFTER WASH!
Mrs. Benson adds: "After twenty washes in Oxydol my coloureds are as crisp and bright as the day I bought them! A 10-minute soak for heavier coloureds — a quick wash through for delicate fabrics — and my coloureds keep like new, month after month!"

BRILLIANT WASHING-UP TIP!
"Use Oxydol for your washing-up," says Mrs. Benson. "I do — I find that a little Oxydol makes a whole heap of suds and every dish and tumbler washes sparkling and smearless!"

OXYDOL®

Soaks white clothes whiter—no boiling

OXYDOL IS ON SALE AT YOUR SHOP TODAY, 1/-, 6d. AND 3½d
BUY THE LARGER SIZES—THEY ARE MOST ECONOMICAL

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LTD., NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

IT'S A TRIUMPH!

RECORD SUCCESS OF BRILLIANT NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

NO. 1 sold out on the first day of issue! Never has there been such a success as the brilliant new monthly magazine—"EVERYWOMAN"!

It's the happiest idea in monthly magazines yet—gorgeous colour pages—fascinating stories—clever new features. "EVERYWOMAN" is the Magazine that satisfies women's desire for something not only new, but practical, too. One fascinating feature follows another—home making—knitting—cookery—fashions—beauty—all presented from a new and original point of view!

"EVERYWOMAN" is a new experience—a Magazine with a light-hearted flair for the right thing!

And now for No. 2—it's even better than No. 1

It's another big 96-page issue! Colourful as a Spring garden . . . sparkling with new ideas . . . gay as the Spring sunshine and lively as a Spring breeze! "EVERYWOMAN" No. 2 will send your spirits soaring! Order your copy to-day.

WARNING.—There's going to be a big rush for "EVERYWOMAN" NO. 2! You know all about those wartime restrictions that mean Newsagents' supplies of "EVERYWOMAN" must be limited. So take our advice—and order your copy now.

BEST KNIT OF THE MONTH

Is a flattering jersey in specially easy stitches! There's a FREE pattern for you in *your* size. And make yourself a complete Spring dress—smart enough for a grand occasion and simple enough for a beginner to tackle. Knit the cardigan and pullover for the menfolk, too!

SEE THE DOUBLE-DUTY FASHIONS

for sunny days. You make them with the wonderfully simple "Everywoman's" patterns. And there are dashing ideas for military accessories to go with them!

FASHION SUPER SPECIAL!

A lovely pantie and brassiere set, all cut out and ready to sew! In shimmering washing satin—(you choose your shade from the pastel colours of Spring flowers). And guess what's included! Dainty lace insertion threaded with baby ribbon—glamorous enough for a film star's undies!

BARGAIN PATTERN SUIT

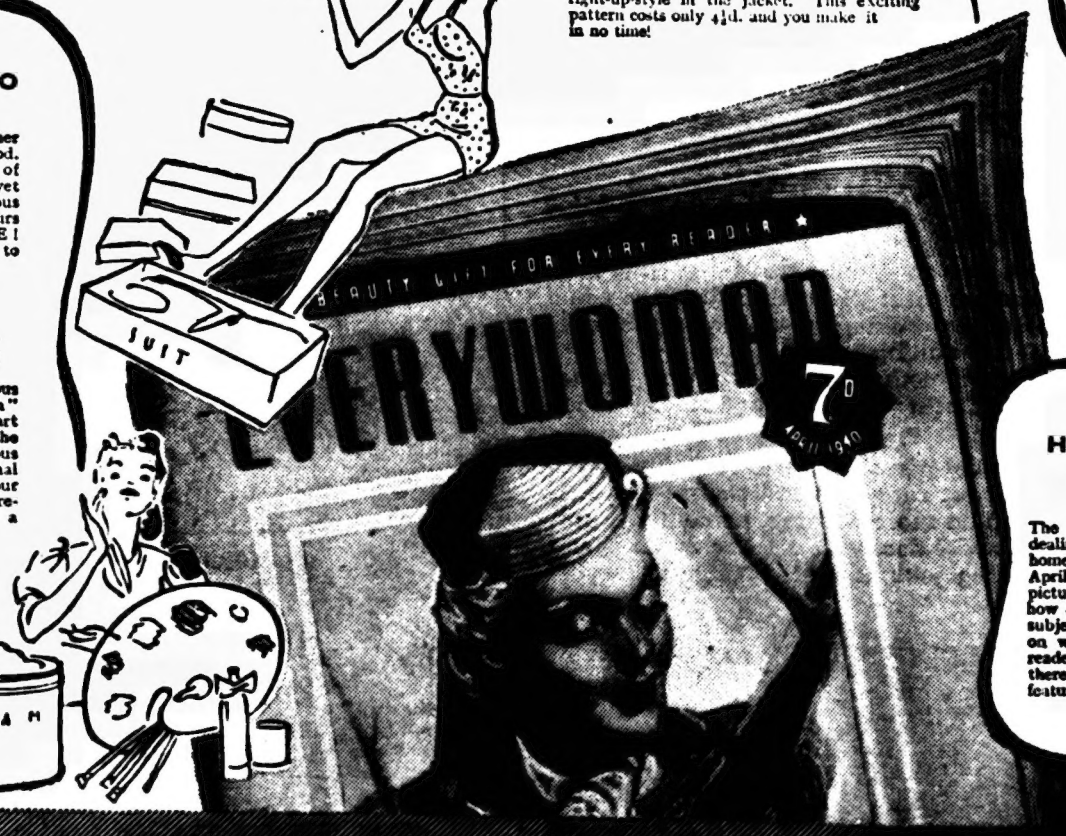
Graceful new front fullness in the skirt, button-right-up-style in the jacket. This exciting pattern costs only 4½d. and you make it in no time!

BE LOVELY TO LOOK AT

Clare Vernon presents her complete make-up method. Everything about the art of applying cosmetics: and yet another offer—a set of famous make-up preparations—yours as a Gift—absolutely FREE! Nine shades of powder to choose from!

HERE IS YOUR LUCKY STAR!

With the help of a famous Astrologer, "Everywoman" has compiled a complete chart of characters according to the stars. Are you a vivacious Scorpion? Or an emotional child of Pisces? Should your husband have a high forehead, or hazel eyes and a pointed chin? See what the stars say about *you*, your husband, the home, the food, the job you should have!



COOK AND SHOP AT THE SAME TIME!

"EVERYWOMAN'S" expert tells you how! Recipes, too, for the special occasions when friends are coming.

THIS STORY IS A MASTERPIECE

Gwyneth Evans has written a story of wartime life and love—a great romance of our time! There is a delightful story by Christine Jope-Slade with a twist that every woman will appreciate! And another long enthralling instalment of Lyn Arnold's brilliant first novel "Joy as it Flies." And a third long story completes our fiction programme!

HOME SERVICE CENTRE IN ACTION!

The Centre has been busy dealing with hundreds of home-making problems! The April issue shows you in pictures how the experts work, how they deal with every subject from removing a stain on wallpaper to choosing a reader's furnishings! And there are many more thrilling features!

EVERYWOMAN

APRIL ISSUE OUT WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20th—SEVENPENCE

SMALL TRADERS, ETC.

BE YOUR OWN MASTER. Sell Drapery Bargains at a fair profit. Silk Stockings, Men's Socks and Children's Wear. 1,000 Bargains. A.B.C Guide Free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

DRAPERS.—80-pp. Illus. Spring Catlog. Post Free. Covers all Depts., also Boots and Shoes. Finest selection of perfect goods at keenest prices. Satis. gntd. Wholesale only.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds, 1.

CROCKERY.—120 asstd. articles 10/-. 48 cr ps, scrs., 4 -. Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Burslem.

SELL direct from our Free Catalogues of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods. Shopkeepers, Traders and Beginners should write to Dept. J. B., The Houndsditch Warehouse Co., Ltd., Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL, every kind. BAZAAR GOODS, TOYS, FANCY GOODS, etc. 124-p. Catalogue free.—May (125), Birmingham.

INSIST on SONGSTER GRAMOPHONE NEEDLES if you want the best. Every note reproduced clearly. 200 for 6d. Bronze pick-ups for Radios. 6d. per 100.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT. SEND for patterns post free from WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY STREET, LEEDS.

AT NOVELTIES for Dances. Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks.—List J.B. 1885 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

DOUBLE YOUR BUTTER RATION. Penn's all-British Butter Merger is now available for only 3/11. Double rations of butter can be made at half cost. Easy to use.—Write to Wm. Penn, Ltd. (Dept. B.J.B.), 623, Holloway Road, London, N.19.

WALLPAPERS direct from Mills. 250 patterns, post free.—OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 5, Rochdale Road, Manchester, 4.

YOUR COAL will last twice as long with a 1/- packet of "Ansol." 1/- packet sufficient for ½ a ton of coal. Send 1/2 (includes postage) to Lyons, Manufacturing Chemists, Collier Row, Romford, Essex.

HAVE YOU LOOKED AT
JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW
ON PAGE 4.

You will be sure to find the Bargain you have been looking for, and since all offers are covered by the *John Bull* guarantee on p. 25 you can order with confidence. GRAVES of SHEFFIELD offer a complete range of new Gents' Suitings at small monthly payments. Free Films are available, a special offer to all by GRATIS-POOL. Home Billiard Tables by RILEY from 8 6 down. A Big Free Book of Watches, Jewellery, Clocks, Cutlery, etc., is offered by H. SAMUEL, Ltd. These and many other interesting announcements appear in

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW.

EMPLOYMENT.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS. Reserved Occupations for men over 25. Excellent pay and prospects. No experience required.—For FREE details of openings, etc., apply CHAMBERS COLLEGE, (Dept. 619), 148, Holborn, E.C.1.

CIVIL SERVICE POSTS. Entry by Examination has now been suspended. Both sexes who wish for employment in the Civil Service should send for particulars of our War-Time Entrance Service and details of pay and duties in the various branches. — B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, W.1.

DRAUGHTSMANSHIP.—Men over 21 wanted for Reserved Occupations. Thousands of openings in all branches of Engineering, Government Service, etc. No exp. reqd. FREE details of rapid preparation and employment service for these vacancies from NAT. INST. OF ENG. (Dept. 362), 148, Holborn, E.C.1.

A GREAT GUIDE TO CAREERS. — FREE.—The School's 180-p. Guide explains how you can qualify for a highly paid Administrative position in Commerce, Industry, Accountancy, Secretaryship, or the Public Services. Write to-day.—The School of Accountancy, 869, Bush House, London, W.C.2.

TRACERS & DRAWING OFFICE ASSISTANTS rapidly. Both sexes—all ages. Practical experience unnecessary. Those wishing to take up this well-paid work should apply immediately for Free Handbook to B.I.E.T. (Dept. 711), 17, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

POLICE RECRUITS WANTED for permanent, pensionable appointments in various Forces. Good physique important. — Write for Free Handbook to B.T.I. (Dept. 602), Oxford Street, W.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

PERSONAL.

MEN WOMEN PAST 40! FEEL YOUNG as ever. New Oysirax Brand Tonic Tablets contain no ordinary stimulants, vitamins, general invigorators. First dose starts new life, vigour, vital force, or maker refunds price. Introductory size, 1/-. For sale at all chemists and all branches Boots', Timothy White's, and Taylor's.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a special tic's positive cure for removing the worms. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply 24/6. Cod or. Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumps pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (J.B.D.), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

RUPTURED! Doctors, clergymen, gardeners everyone is praising the Improved Pallant Ball and Socket Truss. Extremely light, yet immen ely strong; no understraps, and no pressure on hips. So safe and comfortable that wearers can forget that they are ruptured.—Write or call, Bandes, Dept. 1290., 9, Oxford St., W.1.

FREE! Sufferers from nerves, shortness of breath, pains around the heart can obtain a free supply of Oxien Brand Tablets if they write mentioning *John Bull*, to the Giant Oxie Co., Ltd. (Dept. 222 W.A.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, E.C.4.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE
10s. per line.
A line averages six words.
Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements with remittance must be received not later than noon on Wednesday, 8 days before publication.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

A FREE sample of Dr. Blosser's Herb Cigarettes to bring comfort and relief to catarrh and asthma sufferers will be sent to readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121 W.T.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

CATARRH Sufferers. If you would like a trial bottle of Vick-Vatronol—the new brand nasal drops which end catarrh misery—write, mentioning *John Bull*, to "Vick," 210, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1, sending 2d. stamp.

A FREE copy of the new Yadil health book is offered in the announcement on page 8. Yadil is an internal antiseptic, taken like ordinary medicine

MOTHERS, send for this free Book! If you have a baby, you must have a copy of "Hints to Mothers." Just send a postcard, mentioning *John Bull*, to John Steedman and Co., 270, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17, and a free copy will come by return.

RUB in Elliman's—rub out pain. As you rub, Elliman's penetrates right into the skin to carry the healing and soothing aid of lubrication to the underlying tissues. As you continue to rub, rich blood is stimulated to surge through the deep-lying tissues and wash away the accumulations which are the cause of the trouble. Elliman's Embrocation can be obtained at all Chemists and Stores. Prices, 1/3, 2/- and 4/-.

PARK DRIVE

10 for 5D

GALLAHER'S PARK DRIVE

for pleasure!

PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD)

Duty Free TO MEMBERS OF THE B.E.F and H.M NAVY 200 for 4/- 130 for 3/- Post paid, order through YOUR TOBACCONIST

SUFFERERS from rheumatism are invited to apply for a free sample of Curicones and a special booklet. Readers who have not yet accepted this offer should do so at once. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Molly Montague Dept. J.B.2, 19, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, when the free sample and special booklet will come by return.

FREE.—If you are run-down, lack energy, have a poor appetite, learn how you can gain new vigour by sending for a wonderful free booklet entitled "Iron Starvation, the Thief of Health and Strength." Write at once to the Iron Jelloid Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.95), Watford, Herts, or fill in the coupon in the announcement on page 33.

FOR slight dandruff, hair beginning to fall, lank hair, weak hair—the perfect dressing that will restore the natural health to the hair is Silvikrin lotion. Obtainable from all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

IF you endure the agonies of asthma and bronchitis, learn how instant relief can be yours by writing, mentioning *John Bull*, to Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1, for a free copy of a special booklet, "Are You Asthmatic?".

YOU know how deposits form inside a kettle. That's how tartar forms behind your teeth—where you don't see it. When tartar accumulates it causes gum troubles followed by decay. Clean you teeth daily with Solidox. It removes all tartar and makes teeth look lovely. It prevents unseen accumulations of tartar. Buy a tube to-day. A big tube costs only 6d. See p. 29.

FREE.—Send a p.c. for a generous free trial bottle of D.D.D. prescription.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to D.D.D. Laboratories (Dept. M.N.9), Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

FREE. Send to-day for free 50-page booklet on how to gain new energy and strength. This is offered in the Vitaep announcement on page 38. All you need to do is to send a postcard, mentioning *John Bull*, to Health Products Laboratories (Dept. J.B.1, 128/134, Baker Street, London, W.1.

ACCEPT this unique Health offer. If you are run down, lack appetite and zest for life, write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Yestamin Co., Dept. C.1 (The English Grain Co., Ltd.), Burton-on-Trent, for full-size 6d. tin of 40 tablets of Yestamin, the new yeast treatment. Enclose 3d. stp. for postage.

FREE to *John Bull* readers—a free sample of Brooklax, the wonderful chocolate laxative. Highly recommended by doctors and nurses for adults and children. Banishes constipation and gives gentle, thorough relief. So convinced are the makers of the efficacy of this excellent remedy that they invite *John Bull* readers to accept this free trial offer. Simply fill in the coupon on page 30 and send in 1d. stamp (unsealed envelope) or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Westminster Laboratories, Ltd., 4/12 Palmer Street, London, S.W.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

RETAILERS!

THOUSANDS OF ORDERS
are
POSTED DAILY.

Why limit trade to Local requirements? In times like these TENS OF THOUSANDS must BUY BY POST *John Bull's* FAMOUS "SHOP WINDOW" reaches millions of buyers all over the country. ONE ADVERTISER REPORTED THAT FROM A SINGLE ADVERTISEMENT HE HAD RECEIVED OVER 500 ORDERS FOR A 10/- ARTICLE. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? START SMALL, GROW BIG. Apply on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., *John Bull* (Room 23) 57-59 Long Acre London, W.C.2.

GARDENING.

TWELVE glorious bush roses offered for 5/-, carriage paid. This is only one of the many outstanding gardening bargains offered by Rose Growers, Dept. J.B., Dry Drayton, Cambridge.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PEARL Endowment Policies bought outright; also Refuge and Salvation Army policies purchased.—Pioneer Sales, Winchester.

PRINT AT HOME and Earn Pound Notes. Big Money-making opportunities waiting for you. New Adana Automatic Printing Machine needs no skill and easily operated. Send for Free Book. See the announcement on page 4.

YOU can learn to play the piano by the new "Graphonote" system without the drudgery of old methods. Anyone can be an expert in a few days. See the announcement by St. James School of Music on page 4.

IS your radio reception perfect, or are you troubled with unwanted stations and crackling noises? The wonder D.X. Aerial Eliminator, fitted in thirty seconds, will ensure trouble-free radio. See R. Wigfield and Co.'s announcement on page 4.

SKILL PUNCHBOARDS.
Pre-War prices. 86/9 profit on 5/3 board at 2d. per punch. Simpl. 300-hole board 3 9 & illus. cat.—BURDON HUNTER, 36, Woodville Road, London, E.11.

IF you want an enjoyable smoke, try Afrikander Tobacco—the 1/- tobacco with a 1d. change! Mixture, flake, navy mild, shag, can all be obtained at tobacconists everywhere, 11d. an ounce.

HOUSEWIVES! If you have any washing problems, write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Mrs. Holiday, Persil Washing Bureau, Warrington. She's an expert in every branch of washing and ironing, and she is ready to help you!

FREE! You must get full details of the new Pilot Little Maestro Radio Receivers—the small set with the really "big set" performance. Light enough to be carried everywhere. Just plug it in and it plays. This unique Radio Set costs only £5 19s. 6d., and can be obtained on special Hire-purchase terms. Take the first step by getting all the very interesting literature. Simply write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Pilot Radio, Ltd., 31/33, Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10, or fill in the coupon on page 22

FREE! A complete guide to nourishing meals from present-day supplies. A book that solves your rationing problems. Send for a copy at once—it's free for the asking. Entitled "The Stork War-Time Cookery Book," it answers all the questions housewives want explained. Simply write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The Stork Co. (Dept. W 205), Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4. Or, if you prefer, fill in and cut out the coupon on page 23.

HERE is a valuable little tip. You can save on your butter ration by eating Wee.abix with marmalade, jam, honey, paste, cheese, etc. Housewives should remember that there is no waste with Weetabix, no cooking, no preparation. Weetabix is double-toasted to make it tasty. Buy some to-day. You can get it at all grocery stores. If you would like a generous sample, send a 1½d. stamp to Weetabix, Ltd., Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, Northants. See page 25.

READERS should not overlook the announcement on the Front Cover. With the simple Oxydol soaking method you can soak clothes whiter than ever before. Try the easy Oxydol soaking method next washday and see how your wash will result in whiter clothes.

DUTY-FREE tobacco and cigarettes for the B.E.F., France. Parcels of 4-Square pure tobacco and/or cigarettes can be obtained from 2/9. Ask your tobacconist for details, or write to George Doble and Son, Ltd., Paisley, Scotland.

NOTE to Employers and Employees! Has a National Savings Group been formed in your office, works or shop? If not, write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the National Savings Committee, London, S.W.1.

YOUR money buys more in food-value and health-value when you ask for Shredded Wheat! Millions find it a complete breakfast in itself. It is a food replete in all those precious elements essential to bodily fitness and mental alertness. You will enjoy its delicious, nutty flavour. No cooking, no preparation. Serve Shredded Wheat daily.

ARDATH Straight Cut Duty-free cigarettes for the Forces in France and H.M. Navy (sea-going ships in commission). You can send 250 cigarettes for 5/-, including postage and packing. Parcels can be sent through your usual tobacconist. For further particulars relating to full list of brands of cigarettes and tobacco, together with Duty-free prices, write to the House of State Express, 210, Piccadilly, London, W.1, where orders enclosing remittances may also be sent. Ardath Straight Cut are the Navy's favourite cigarette. You can obtain them everywhere at home at 10 for 6d. from all tobacconists.

PRINT AT HOME YOUR OWN POUND NOTES

WITH THE NEW ADANA QUARTO PRINTING MACHINE

Sensational New Money-Making Opportunities! YOU—even without at present possessing the slightest previous experience or knowledge—can commence at once in your home to print anything from a Visiting Card to a Full Quarto Poster!

FREE BOOK "Pounds from Print"

The actual size inside type frame of this New Adana is no less than 9½ x 7½ in. Send at once for Free Book, "Pounds from Print" together with particulars and samples of work.

D. A. Adana (J.123), 17, Church St. Twickenham

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 25

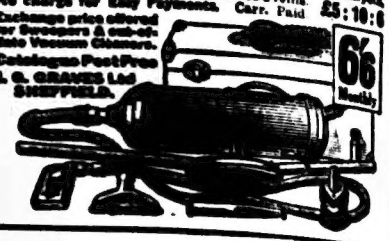
GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

POWERFUL ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER of British make for A.C. or D.C. Mains, equal to more expensive machines, perfectly safe, was rented 1 year. Ruminded ball bearing motor, handsomely covered body, bright parts chromium plated, rubber mounted hose, 18ft cable, 3 extension handles, swivel nozzle, sterilising and deodorising set, accessories for cleaning carpets, furniture, &c. Wood cabinet 24 x 12 x 10ins. No charge for Easy Payments. Carr. Paid £5:10:0

Exchange prices offered for Sweepers & out-of-date Vacuum Cleaners.

Catalogue Post Free

J. G. GRAVES Ltd SHEFFIELD.



BARGAINS in ROSES

Here is an unbeatable offer
12 Glorious BUSH ROSES for 5/- carr. paid.
Our selection from the best and well-known varieties such as Mrs. H. Stevens, Etoile de Holland, Phyllis Gold, Shot Silk, Betty Uprichard, Gen. MacArthur, Daily Mail, Mdme. Butterfly. 6 for 3/- carr. paid.

STANDARD ROSES
15/- Doz., 6 for 8/- carr. paid.
Our selection from all the leading varieties including above.

FREE APPLES 3 Healthy Apple Trees (leading varieties) are given with every order for 1 doz. Rose Trees.
All Roses labelled and carefully packed. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back

ROSE GROWERS (Dept. J.B.2), Dry Drayton, CAMBRIDGE.

DURING THE BLACK OUT

KEEP ALL THE FAMILY HAPPY. . Play RILEY BILLIARDS and ensure relaxation. 8/6 DOWN

brings delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table.
Now more than ever it is essential to provide healthy entertainment at home. There is nothing like Riley Billiards to ensure this. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Carr. paid. Pay Balance Monthly.

E. J. RILEY Ltd., Anson Works, ACCRINGTON or Dept. 12, 46/47, Newgate St., London, E.C.1. WRITE for ART LIST

PLAY THE PIANO IN 8 DAYS

By the amazing new "Graphonote" System you learn to play the piano without the drudgery of the old methods. As a beginner you can read and interpret music in a few days!

WHETHER YOUNG OR OLD YOU CAN LEARN EASILY

EVERYONE can know the joy of expert playing in a few days . . . it's amazingly simple . . . it's the wonderful modern system that does it. Fully described in a FREE book "How to Learn the Piano at Home," sent on receipt of name and address with stamp (in sealed envelope) to cover postage.

ST. JAMES SCHOOL OF MUSIC
26, Greycoat Galleries, Greycoat Place, London, S.W.1

FILMS FREE FOR EASTER AND FOR EVER

We lend your Camera FREE with an ultra-rapid British-made 'Gratispool' film to advertise the Gratispool Service. NO 'CATCH.' Send this advt. with name, address and 3d. in stamps to cover postage, packing, etc., and free film will be sent by return.
ALL STANDARD SIZES: 3½ x 2½, 4½ x 2½, 3 x 3, or 2½ x 1¾ films, and the 2½ KODAK 620 Cameras.

GRATISPOOL Ltd. (Dept. J.B.2) 207, William Street, Glasgow, C.3 or 37, Isles Lane, Leeds 12.

DEAF

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER

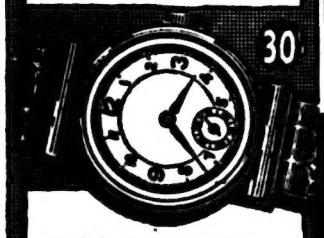
Don't run extra risks. Our new Silver De Luxe model non-battery smallest invisible earphone is now offered to you at the specially reduced price, viz., £5/-. Thousands are already helped by this amazing little aid that requires no batteries, no wires, no renewals, and is quite invisible. You can try it now FREE.

SEND NO MONEY

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL OFFER to D. & J. Hill, Ltd. (Dept.B.16), 243, Oxford St., London, W.1. (Over Oxford Circus Tube station.) (Hours: 10 to 6, Sats. 10 to 1.) Supplied under National Health Benefit

FREE! GET THESE H SAMUEL BARGAIN BOOKS TO-DAY

A sturdy watch for everyday wear. Chromium case, reliable tested movement, Cordette strap. Guaranteed 15/-



New design watch. Strong Chromium Case, 15-jewel lever movement, stainless steel back, fully guaranteed for seconds. 30/-

Saving counts to-day more than ever, but remember real saving means satisfaction too. These H. Samuel Bargain Books show you how to get both. There are over 100 years of pleasant public trading behind the good watches, genuine diamond rings and fine jewellery sold by H. Samuel—you are allowed one month's trial whatever you buy—satisfaction or your money refunded. And the H. Samuel direct-selling saves you pounds. Get these books now.

HAPPINESS DIAMOND RINGS

50/-

All Platinum, Solitaire and 18ct. Solid Gold Rings.

H. SAMUEL LTD.
The Empire's Largest Jeweller
99 Branches throughout Gt. Britain
H'quarters: Market St., Manchester, 1

POST THIS COUPON NOW!
To H. SAMUEL (Dept. 199), Market Street, Manchester, 1.
Please send me your NEW FREE BOOKS OF BARGAINS in Good Watches, Diamond Rings, Jewellery, Clocks, Silverware, Cutlery and other lifetime treasures.
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
(Post in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp.)

Keep your RED TILES a rich red

Red Tile and Red Composition Floors can immediately be restored to a beautiful rich red colour with "Cardinal." Also excellent for Front Steps, Window Sills, Brick and Cement Paths, etc.
Will not wash off in the rain.
Also in White, Cream, Green, Buff, Transparent, etc. Of all dealers.

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DOUBLE YOUR BUTTER RATION

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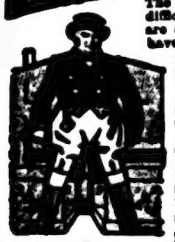

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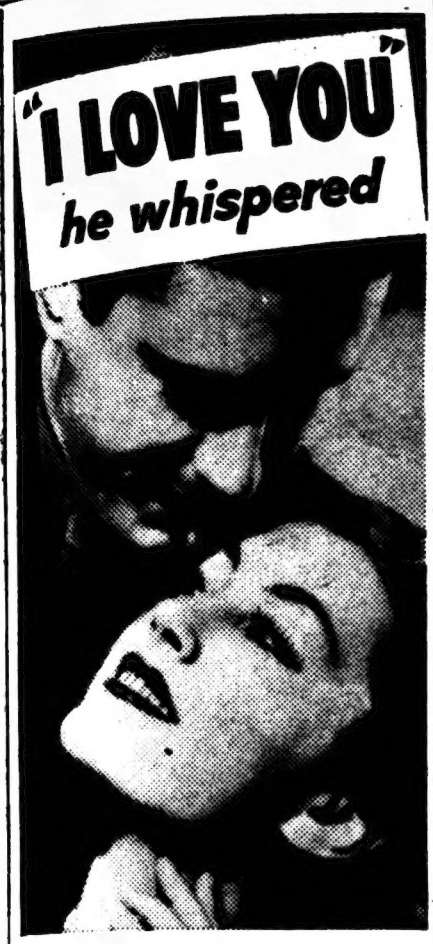

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Every girl has longed to hear the music of the whispered words "I adore you"—and *you* can—soon. You can quickly make yourself lovelier, twice as attractive—really glamorous. Because an amazing new beauty recipe has been found. It will make the darkest, roughest skin soft and velvety-smooth—give you a skin *he* will love to touch. Sallow dull complexions, full of blackheads and blemishes, become fresh, clear and *extremely lovely* in only a few days. Read this Skin Specialist's advice: "Predigested dairy cream and olive oil have an amazing beautifying effect on the skin. They are now contained—blended with tonic, astringent and nourishing ingredients—in Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood (White, non-greasy). In 3 days Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood will beautify your skin in a way you never dreamed possible. With Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood successful results are positively guaranteed or money refunded in full."

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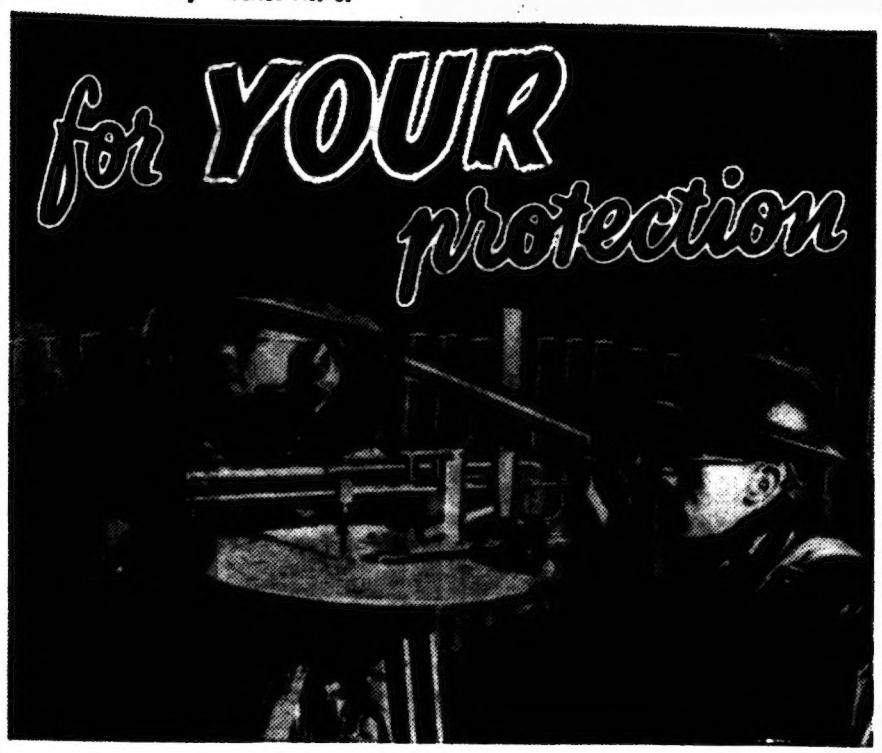

HIDDEN in moorland outpost the air sentry rakes the skies with powerful binoculars. An unidentified squadron is flying high above. Immediately the observation corps men inform their report centre—on goes the warning to the R.A.F. Fighter Command—up go the planes—warning centres are notified—the balloon barrage appears—telephone exchanges pass word on to police and A.R.P. headquarters — fire-brigade units stand to!—BRITAIN IS READY!

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underwritten at LLOYD'S
FOR EVERY READER

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
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Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
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HOW TO Rub Away RHEUMATISM

By a Lady Who Feared She would be a Cripple for Life

"Last year I had Rheumatism in my right knee so severely that my right leg became shorter than my left. I could not stretch it out, walked with difficulty and with a decided limp.

"I was advised to try Elliman's Embrocation, and the result was marvellous. I bathed my knee first in very hot water, then rubbed in the Embrocation, and after a few days I walked as well as ever I did.

"You are perfectly welcome to use my letter, for it was such a relief to me to get well so quickly when I feared I should be a cripple for the remainder of my life that it might encourage others to try Elliman's, and I think we should all help one another where we can." A. H. ANERLEY.

This lady tried Elliman's on another's advice and the result was marvellous. Why not try it yourself on her advice if you are a sufferer from Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Chest Colds, etc.

DISCHARGED FROM HOSPITAL AS INCURABLE

"After being in hospital six months with Rheumatic Fever I was discharged two months ago as incurable, suffering with Rheumatic Gout in practically every joint. I was unable to walk, and through the pain, unable to sleep.

After a month only of using Elliman's Embrocation I am walking fairly well and sleeping better than I have done for months. I am convinced that continued use of your Embrocation will eventually cure me of this complaint."
W. V. HATTON, East Ham.

UNABLE TO WALK FOR WEEKS

Quite recently your Embrocation has enabled me to walk about free from pain after not being able to walk about for weeks. I gaze at one of your bottles several times a day with gladness in my heart I have been under the doctor and, strange to say, I recommended it to him when he was anxious to know what I had been doing to myself, and it quite pleased him.
Mrs. E. Strange, Tidworth.

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For Human Use 1/3, Medium Size 2/- Large 4/-
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Both carefully washed . . . but

My mummy used New Persil!

NEW Persil is perfect for woollies

Everyone's finding the best way to wash their nice silks and their coloureds and woollens these days. Everyone's using the new Persil. And everyone's delighted with the speed and ease of it. You don't have to mix new Persil now; it lathers up beautifully; and there's no clinging greyness to stick to the clothes when you draw them out. But what makes new Persil so very gentle and safe, what always has been Persil's special secret, is the oxygen in it! Nothing else could do the work so thoroughly and so gently.

If at any time you're faced with a really tricky garment, if some problem of rinsing, ironing or drying crops up, just write your problem to Mrs. Holiday, the Persil washing expert, who will gladly give you her advice, free. Address: Mrs. Holiday, Persil Washing Bureau, Warrington.

3 BIG EXTRA ADVANTAGES

NO MIXING—*easier wash*
Just shake new Persil into tepid or cold water, swish it up with your hand — and there you are. Such a lovely, deep lather — and so little trouble!

EXTRA LATHER—*for fine wash*
A lather so fine that it works its way through every stitch, gently, thoroughly. And with a squeeze or two all the dirt comes sliding out.

PREVENTS SCUM—*quicker rinsing*
No trouble with scum now — not even in hard water. No clinging greyness to stick to the clothes when you draw them out.

PER 768-EC-65

JOHN BULL *Thursday, for week ending Saturday, March 16, 1940. 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468*

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

Ribbentrop's Uneasy Trot

IN all the swift diplomatic moves of the last few days, with envoys flitting unexpectedly across Europe, pursued by winged rumour, it has not been difficult to see the hand of Hitler eagerly trying to bring order to the chaos around him.

He must be a very worried little man.

This is obvious from his hasty efforts to oil the rusted Rome-Berlin axis when he realised that his efforts to have things his own way in the Russo-Finnish trouble were not likely to get him far.

Stalin's sinister suggestion about Russia refusing to handle hot chestnuts for other people must have made him hopping mad. Anyway, it sent Ribbentrop to Rome with more than one object to achieve.

Rope for Russians

Hitler cannot have been surprised by the result of the peace talks between Finnish and Russian diplomats. It wasn't even a surprise to JOHN BULL, which has been predicting for quite a long time that such talks would occur early in March.

It was clear that Hitler would do anything to prevent the war going on any longer.

He gave the Russians as much rope as he could, hoping that they might eventually do something desperate to save face. But he could not allow the Nazi-Soviet alliance to be embarrassed by further ineffectual struggles of the bewildered Russian leviathan.

Nazi "Schutz-Staffel" ("S.S.") weekly suggests old and ill Germans should be speeded out of the world to save food and drugs. Doctors are actually warned not to "perpetuate life unnecessarily."

* * *

The splendid heroism of the Finns put the Nazis in a difficult position in many ways.

The Little 'un

It meant that Russia had to pour raw materials needed by the German troops into the Karelian Isthmus to push the fighting in the North.

It meant that Italy, always pro-Finn, felt even less friendly towards the Nazi dictatorship that had treated the Comintern Pact with such scurvy disregard six months ago.

It meant, too, that other countries, always ready to back the little 'un in a scrap, were showing definite signs of wading in to see that the giant didn't take an unfair advantage.

Domesticated Bear

Hitler could not look on the domination by the Soviet of the Baltic nations without feeling that his domesticated bear might prove as troublesome as it should have been helpful.

Even though he tried to bemuse the world by trying by subterranean means to have the British Government acting as intermediary in the negotiations between the Finns and the Russians, it was no use his denying that he did his best to stop the fighting purely for his own benefit.

Dictators All Round

Maybe the Fuehrer tried to persuade Stalin to make his demands a little less brutal, knowing that Britain would have nothing to do with such smash-and-grab methods and realising there was more chance of his getting peace.

It was an obvious Nazi move when the Swedes offered to act as intermediary. They had more to fear, if the fighting continued, than anybody else.

They could be sure of neither Hitler nor Stalin. But they could realise that the Baltic was in danger of becoming a dictator's boating pool.

Scurrying Diplomats

Last week's scurrying among the world's diplomats has shown even more than the result of the Finnish-Russian talks that, while Hitler is now so doubtful of his Russian friends that he must run again to old friend Mussolini, he must still try his best to make a show of friendship with Russia.

Hitler's Wrinkles

He must have her raw materials, he must have her protection in the south.

But you can see the frown on Hitler's face as he tries to see a way out of it all, knowing that his friends are as ready to sell out on him as he is on them.

How can he have godless Russia and Catholic Italy as his allies, keeping them at arm's length yet getting them to play ball?

After all, he must be able to trust somebody, even if it is a broken reed.

Holes in Blockade

Heavy fire is being directed on the British blockade from our own guns. Critics claim that the blockade is as full of holes as a colander.

Whisperers hint that it is only 8 per cent. effective.

The campaign has been provoked by the revelation, in JOHN BULL a fortnight ago, that goods from the U.S.A. are streaming into Germany through neighbouring neutral countries.

Critics Criticised

Answering JOHN BULL's questions, the Ministry of Economic Warfare flatly contradicts the critics.

Still further rates concessions can be expected. Government is worried by threat of Mr. R. R. Stokes, fifty other M.P.s and two hundred local councils to start big campaign for revision of the rating system.

* * *

It affirms that our contraband control is nearly 90 per cent. effective, even though it tackles nearly all vital commodities from overseas such as rubber, cotton, copper and rare ores.

Small leakages are admitted.

Adoption of devious and costly route of German goods to Vladivostock is reckoned as proof of our effective control of Nazi overseas trade.

Particularly as these goods have to be detrained on to the wide-gauged, overworked Russian railways.

Never Stopped Entirely

Leakages into Germany from neighbouring neutrals are also admitted. They can never be stopped entirely.

British method is to buy as much as possible, although details of these enormous deals cannot be given for obvious reasons.

We can't buy all Balkan produce, but we buy enough to raise prices so that Germany either has to pay more or export more and thus strain her already shaky economy.

Money Not Everything

Ministry denies lack of Treasury support in these deals, points out that money isn't everything

All the gold in the Bank of England wouldn't buy the whole of Sweden's iron ore. Sweden wouldn't sell because Germany would rightly regard such a transaction as a direct attack.

Germans may soon have to forgo their beer. Brewers have had their barley quota cut down so severely that they are eating into future "rations." In the second half of this year there'll be no beer, for the Nazis must provide an extra 250,000 tons of barley needed for fodder.

* * *

So with other countries.

But the Ministry claims that we are taking roughly half those countries' supplies.

The Balkan Gap

Position is now clear.

Our blockade at sea, as even critics admit, is virtually watertight, but there are "backdoor" land leakages.

Some of the leaks are likely to be mended by the neutral States themselves. Last week brought a notable instance.

Mr. Tilea, Rumanian Minister to Britain, hurried back to his home country with a strongly worded request from the Allies to stop the chief Balkan gap

Think Again, Clodius

Germany at present takes 55 per cent. of Rumanian oil exports. In future it is proposed that for every ton of petrol or wheat sold to the Nazis a ton must be sold to the Allies.

Although she may not agree to this demand, Rumania is expected to meet us with a reasonable offer.

So there'll be a fresh problem for Nazi Dr. Clodius.

(Continued overleaf.)

IT WOULD BE VERY STUPID TO IMAGINE THAT THE GERMANS COULD NOT PENETRATE THIS COUNTRY CONSIDERING THEIR LARGE NUMBER OF MACHINES—Air Vice-Marshal T. L. Leigh Mallory.

£200 AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY

Underwritten at LLOYD'S FREE FOR EVERY READER

See page 5

Continued from preceding page

● Limelight for Eden

● This Side of Peace

● Keynes' Plan Outline

● Lucky Army Artisans

Mr. Anthony Eden, whose shadow has been "blacked out" by such towering bushels as Messrs. Chamberlain and Churchill since war began, is likely to capture the limelight again.

Proposal is to include him in the War Cabinet. He can attend meetings as Dominions Secretary, but has no active part in its decisions.

Compulsory Saving

Last week Sir John Simon hedged. **Asked pointblank for an assurance** that no compulsory savings scheme would be introduced, he merely said that the question would be "less urgent" as long as everybody saved and lent to the Government.

Reason for his evasiveness was the fact, exclusively reported in JOHN BULL weeks ago, that both compulsory savings and family allowances are being worked out by the Treasury.

The Biggest Change

JOHN BULL said also that there would be no big row between the Government and the T.U.C., that living costs would be kept down but wage rises allowed in some industries. All of which has come true.

But a big change has occurred since we lifted that curtain on official policy.

Mr. J. M. Keynes, author of the compulsory savings idea, has drastically revised it.

In its new form it is more acceptable to both Labour and the Government.

It is now firmly linked with a capital levy and family allowances.

Money in the Bank

Mr. Keynes has even dropped the "compulsory savings" label.

"Deferred pay" is the new description.

By his plan, he claims, wage-earners can consume as much as before and in addition have money in the bank for future use—"money that would belong otherwise to the capitalist class."

Families with less than 75s. a week, moreover, would actually be able to consume more.

Ministry of Supply faces more criticism. Some controllers have not yet been asked to resign the directorships they hold in companies that come in contact with the Ministry.

* * *

Outline of the Plan

This is the main framework of the plan:—

A basic income would remain untouched; 35s. a week for bachelors, 45s. for a married man, with 7s. 6d. allowance for each child.

Above this basic income the Government would take a proportion for savings and income tax.

For a married man earning £250 to £500 above the line, the proportion would be 20 per cent.

"Deferred Pay"

So a married man earning £6 a week would have £76 a year deducted from his pay in addition to £93 for income tax.

That deduction—the "deferred pay"—would be paid into a friendly society, trade union, or the Post Office Savings Bank, and used to finance the war.

After the war it would be repaid by instalments after a capital levy had been imposed on all private fortunes above an agreed level.

CANDID CARTOON by KEM

The Alternative

On the other hand, Keynes proposes an immediate family allowance of 5s. a week for every child under fifteen.

Also, prices of necessities forming the nation's "iron ration" would be strictly controlled, wages kept at their present level.

Those in Favour

Arguments in favour of the scheme are:—

Because of war conditions, the public cannot increase consumption, however much wages rise.

Voluntary savings alone cannot finance the war.

Yet they will still be vitally necessary even if the compulsory savings scheme is adopted.

Inflation Menace

Unless we adopt such a scheme, inflation will come to squeeze the workers' pockets but not the moneybags of the rich.

If we let the National Debt increase as it did in the last war, the rich will grow richer and the poor poorer.

Vatican is asking Hitler to allow a Papal envoy to probe reports about the way Polish girls are being kidnapped and taken to Storm Troopers' camps.

* * *

Opposed by Wealthy

The plan will be vehemently opposed by the wealthy because of its capital levy feature, but endorsed by economists and social workers.

It is being closely studied by Treasury experts. Some of its proposals are certain to be adopted.

Lord Dawson's Job

Volunteers for Finland can be certain of a first-class examination by the grey-haired, quiet-voiced doctor in the Finnish Aid Bureau.

He is Lord Dawson of Penn, the King's physician, who spends at least two hours a day in examining recruits.

As the medical profession reckons he would be justified in charging fifty guineas for a consultation, the recruits can reckon themselves lucky.

Recruits' Grumble

Much grumbling by recruits to our own Army who volunteered after Sir Malcolm Campbell's broadcast appeal for motor-drivers.

They say Sir Malcolm promised tradesmen's rates of pay. Having passed the Army tests, they now find their pay is the ordinary 2s. a day.

War Office ends the misunderstanding for JOHN BULL. Sir Malcolm said they could get tradesmen's pay if they qualified as driver-instructors.

"Tradesmen" Do Well

How much better off are Army "tradesmen"?

Privates, sappers, drivers and gunners receive 2s. a day, apart from proficiency pay. If they are such "tradesmen" as cooks or carpenters, they get 2s. 3d. to 5s. 9d. a day.

An ordinary sergeant receives 6s. or 6s. 6d., according to seniority. Tradesmen sergeants receive 8s. 3d.

A tradesman 1st Class Warrant Officer actually receives 14s. a day, some 3s. more than a second-lieutenant, who is his superior in rank.

No Idle Admirals

No quiet time for Admirals of the Fleet in future. Those on the retired list have been restored to the active list for life.

This brings them into line with holders of the corresponding rank of Field Marshal of the Army, who never retire.

So such famous admirals as Sir Roger Keyes and Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt are back on deck.

Pay of an Admiral of the Fleet is £7 4s. 10d. a day while employed. Unemployed pay is £1,629 a year, whether the officer is on the active or retired list.

Nazi Admiral Raeder's headache grows worse. Unable to get volunteers for U-boats, he is asking Goering for conscript engineers. His gigantic aircraft carrier, "Graf Zeppelin," has had to go to dock for extensive alterations after trials.

* * *

Goering tells Germany that "S.S." men are nearly all at the front. Doubtful whether this will end soldiers' grumble that "S.S." favourites are enjoying safe jobs and big-money graft at home.

* * *

A. G. Gardiner, who was right in all his predictions of Hitler's intentions, urgently warns you to

BEWARE NEW Fake Peace PLOTS

IF I sound a note of warning at this time it is not because I doubt the spirit of the country. The nation has risen to this great argument with a solidarity, a sobriety and a firmness that fill us all with pride. We are a people yet.

Nor is it because we have reason to be alarmed at the course of events.

Six months have passed, and the enemy have struck no major blow. They have been swept off the seas. In the air the legend of their irresistible might has been pricked. On land they have not dared to strike.

Against the jerry-built structure run up in a moment of panic by the gangsters of Moscow and Berlin, the comradeship of Britain and France stands like a rock, indestructible to attack from without. It grows daily in conviction and power, and behind it is the command of the seas and the gathering indignation of the neutral world against the brutalities of the barbarians. This moral backing will count for much as the struggle proceeds.

Neither is there any serious ground for disquietude on account of our internal position. Compared with six months ago, we are incredibly better equipped both for attack and defence. And while Germany long ago reached her maximum effort, our own output is increasing with hourly momentum.

Most important of all is the economic whiphand we have over the enemy. While Hitler's trade with the outside world has come to a dead stop, ours has recovered its pre-war magnitude, and with the new drive that is now afoot should reach an unprecedented volume.

This is urgently necessary, for we must pay for this war as we go. We cannot borrow this time as we borrowed last time from America.

We and France have to see this thing through alone by showing that we can make voluntarily as great sacrifices in the cause of freedom as the enemy peoples have long had to make by compulsion in the cause of aggression.

I think we shall do it voluntarily.

The magnificent response of the tax-paying and wage-earning classes alike gives promise of that.

AND should the strain on voluntary effort be too great, no one doubts that the nation will accept the adoption of Mr. Keynes' plan as cheerfully as they have accepted all the other burdens of these bitter times. They will accept it because there is no price too high to pay for the freedom that is at stake.

In all these matters our minds are at ease. The note of warning I wish to strike relates not to the war and the certainty of winning it, but to the peace manœuvres and the danger of losing it.

IT SHOULD NOW BE CLEAR TO THE DULLEST MIND THAT HITLER BLUNDERED INTO A WAR THAT HE DID NOT EXPECT AND DID NOT WANT. HE AND HIS FELLOW GANGSTERS BELIEVED THAT BY A STUPENDOUS BLUFF THEY COULD CONQUER EUROPE AND THE WORLD THROUGH FEAR OF WAR.

They were so nearly right that they almost did it. Had not Britain and France dug their toes in at the Polish outrage they would have done it.

The conspiracy was as daring as it was devilish. It was based on the fact that the only two countries to be feared had gone pacifist. How pacifist, Hitler's spy Ribbentrop, whom he sent over here to take stock of our state of mind and our state of preparedness, was able to assure him.

Being in the champagne trade, and therefore intimate with France, Ribbentrop was able to give Hitler equally comforting assurances about our ally. "Those fellows will never fight. Go ahead."

And he went ahead.

He had from the moment of seizing power set about secretly converting Germany into one vast arsenal. We took no notice. France took no notice.

WHEN the facts, which should have been obvious to our well-paid staff in Berlin, were thundered at the Government by Mr. Churchill, Mr. Baldwin refused to believe them.

Then came that unhappy episode of the Peace Ballot—all England voting for peace. Good!

Now the Nazi machine began to work, began to try the ice. First the withdrawal from the League. Then the Axis, a trial run in Spain, the invasion of the Rhineland, the seizure of Austria, the rape of Czechoslovakia, Munich.

By this time the mask was thrown off. No secrecy now. Hitler could talk as a conqueror. He could make the world shudder by the might of his arms. "I will risk a world war rather than delay a day," he told Mr. Chamberlain at Munich. He felt that all Europe was stampeding before him. And so on to Memel and Danzig and Poland—and war.

And what has the war revealed? It has revealed the monstrous imposture before which Europe has shuddered. If the events of the past six months mean anything they mean that Hitler is in a desperate panic to escape from the ruin that awaits him.

HE thought he had escaped when he swallowed all his anathemas of the "scum" of Moscow and fell on the neck of his fellow criminal. But once more the wretched Ribbentrop had, in vulgar parlance, "sold him a pup."

FOILED IN THIS DIRECTION, HE HAS SPENT SIX MONTHS IN TRYING TO DETACH FRANCE FROM BRITAIN AND TO ISOLATE US AS THE COMMON ENEMY OF MANKIND.

HIS LIGHTNING WAR—THAT WAR THAT HE WOULD NOT "DELAY FOR A DAY" AT MUNICH—HAS DEGENERATED INTO COWARDLY AND BARBAROUS ATTACKS ON FISHING FLEETS AND NEUTRAL SHIPPING, INTO SOWING THE SEAS WITH UNCHARTED MINES, AND INTO SCUTTLING HIS OWN SHIPS, INCLUDING EVEN HIS MOST FORMIDABLE WARSHIP.

His plain purpose is to dodge the judgment and to get back to the war of nerves, with its lying propaganda and its fever and ferment, in which his diabolical genius is at home.

Hence the manœuvres in which he is engaged here, in France, in the United States and wherever the world-wide propaganda of Goebbels penetrates, to break down the war front and initiate peace moves that will leave him in power.

To these manœuvres we must present a stony and relentless front.

Peace propaganda in the light of the dreadful past and of the circumstances of to-day is treason against the liberties of men and the soul of mankind.

We have come to grips with the most evil thing that has ever outraged humanity and insulted the light of heaven.

And we shall not let go until that evil thing is slain.

It is not Hitler alone that must be destroyed.

It is the whole hideous Prussian gospel of Might, of which he is only the latest and most awful embodiment, that must be swept finally and for ever from the earth, no matter what it costs, no matter how long it takes to do the sweeping.

Five times in our lifetime this monster has plunged Europe in war, always with increasing horror, always with mounting ambition, until it claims to dominate the earth.

There are no terms of peace with this hellish thing.

It must perish if freedom is to survive anywhere on earth.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT!

OPEN LETTERS

"Your only war-time diversion, Mr. Prime Minister—half an hour's walk with Mrs. Chamberlain in a London park, to watch the birds that are an inspiration to you as they have been to many another famous statesman."

Two-Way Rationing

● Making Underfed Eat Still Less
● Health Ministry Spring-Cleaning ?
● Exposing Profiteering Landlords

Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN,

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—I pay tribute to a man who has the courage to say "I am still young—time is before me" on the eve of his seventy-first birthday, when he holds the biggest job in a world torn by war.

I respect you the more for the courage, tenacity and vigour you have shown in the last year. A year that, difficult for all of us, must have seemed a century of disillusion for a man who had striven to bring peace, but who had instead to lead his nation into bitter battle.

You have withstood that strain better than any other of your critics could have expected.

None the less, I suspect that your first waking thought on your seventy-first birthday on Monday will be a wish that the next year may enable you to defeat the forces of a bloodied militarism and restore peace.

You will spend that day, no doubt, without fuss or departure from routine.

Breakfast at 8.30. Then your personal correspondence and a careful study of the newspapers.

NEXT, your only war time diversion: **half an hour's walk with Mrs. Chamberlain. There is not a bird in London's Royal Parks whose song you cannot identify. They make you forget the ugly noise of war.**

Back at No. 10, you deal with official correspondence before beginning the almost continuous conferences with War Cabinet colleagues, lesser Ministers and heads of the Fighting Services.

Nearly always you lunch alone with Mrs. Chamberlain. A much-married man in the best sense of the phrase, you can refresh your mind in talking to her.

As you have said, "She is the lady who knows all my secrets but never lets them out, who gently corrects my faults, who never forgets to praise me, who remembers all the things I forget, and who for thirty years has been my best friend and counsellor."

Lunch-for-two over, you have to leave home for the House on four days a week. There you deal not only with questions addressed directly to you as Prime Minister, but with all foreign affairs of importance.

No one need ask whether you have leisure enough to "dress" for the evening meal. As with lunch, you usually have it alone with your wife at home.

No longer can you listen to classical music at orchestral concerts. No time, now, for the hour's reading after dinner when you could find adventure in the pages of Dumas and Conrad.

YOU must turn instead to the Red Boxes stuffed with official documents and despatches, to memoranda on appointments for the following day. And if you get to bed as Big Ben booms twelve you call it an "early night."

So your "I am still young" boast is justified. Sixteen hours a day of frightening responsibility, for seven days a week, proves the youthfulness of your stamina and the resilience of your judgment.

But, much as I admire you, I remain a critic.

Your generosity persuades you to be too loyal to your colleagues. You hesitate to sack Ministers who disappoint you; again and again you have to clear up some mess of their making.

You must end unemployment. The ghostly army of the workless, unless mobilised for active service, will weaken our war drive.

THERE must be an end to the blunders and muddles in food distribution. They exasperate the nation and waste our resources.

Arms manufacture, which has reached an intensity that would have seemed fantastic a year ago, can be made greater still.

There is dangerous laxity in our treatment of enemy aliens, scandalous opportunism in the placing of State contracts and the appointment of armchair officials.

But for your work as a whole, as for your calm confidence in Britain's ultimate victory, the public is grateful.

I can give you no better birthday wish than that your confidence will be speedily rewarded.

P.A.C.,
Bradford

GENTLEMEN,—Generous of you to revise the Public Assistance Committee scale to meet the rising cost of living! Yet incredible that the revision should force the underfed to eat still less!

One man, formerly drawing 35s. 6d. for himself, wife and two children, is now actually drawing 6d. less. I have seen his budgets and can assure you that his food supplies are miserably inadequate.

Eat less yourselves, and maybe your heads will become clearer.

Sir GEORGE CHRYSTAL,
Secretary, Ministry of Health

DEAR SIR GEORGE,—Your human limpets make snails seem as fast as greyhounds.

A Grantham man, Mr. Frank W. Taylor, applied last June for an old age pension. He is still awaiting a decision.

Should any enquiry take nine months to discover the facts?

Should you not order a drastic Spring-cleaning in your insurance department?

Rt. Hon. WALTER ELLIOT, M.P.,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—I'm glad your next evacuation scheme is ready. Hadn't you better look into the scandals of the old one?

Think of the brutes jailed for ill-treating child evacuees. Learn how billeting has been mismanaged on the South Coast.

Two children were sent to a woman who has twice been in a mental home. Two old women, one deaf and the other paralysed, have three sturdy boys billeted on them.

Next door are people, with a child of their own, who have volunteered to take in two children, yet have been ignored.

Lt.-Gen. A. P. MacARTHUR,
Army Medical Services

DEAR GENERAL,—Now that more doctors are being enlisted, maybe your organisation will be overhauled. It need be.

One soldier has been waiting for a medical board since November. Although he has had heart disease, Bright's disease and rheumatic fever, he is now scrubbing floors and dishes after a spell in a military hospital.

He should not have to wait much longer for a complete examination.

Rt. Hon. LESLIE BURGIN, M.P.,
Minister of Supply

DEAR SIR,—I cannot believe that you are willing to be flouted by feckless, lazy and autocratic local councils. Take vigorous measures to compel them to do their duty.

We must save "waste" to help our war effort. Yet Sedgefield Rural Council tells householders to burn waste paper and board on the kitchen fire and threatens to prosecute them if they refuse. (See page 17.)

Liverpool and Holborn disdain to collect bundles of clean paper. Southall just tips such bundles into the dustbins. Hundreds of other councils are equally disdainful. Time they were scrapped.

The DIRECTOR,
Woolwich Arsenal

SIR,—You pay an allowance to the mothers of conscripts.

Yet a woman, losing one boy in an Arsenal explosion last May, receives no allowance for her other son, who joined the Territorials before war broke out.

It is a damnable injustice that volunteers should be victimised.

Mr. G. W. COWIE,
Aberdeenshire Road Board

DEAR SIR,—"Mollycoddling a few stay-at-home workmen," you wail because some roadmen are to be given an increase of 1s. 2d., bringing their wages to 47s. a week, and a war bonus of 3s. from May onwards.

Your "stay-at-home" sneer can be contemptuously ignored. But your ignorance of dearer living costs cannot be forgotten.

Try keeping a family on less than 46s. a week and you will soon be better informed.

Rev. G. B. CHAMBERS,
Wayland Rural Council, Norfolk

REVEREND SIR,—Soldiers will be grateful to you for exposing the profiteer landlords against whom your council may take action.

One man, paying 5s. 6d. a week rent, is charging a lance corporal and his wife 22s. a week for temporary accommodation, exclusive of light, food or coal.

But does not the real blame rest with the Army authorities for not making proper billeting arrangements?

Mr. WILLIAM TEELING,
Conservative Candidate

DEAR SIR,—The seven lectures you are giving in Scotland in five days should be followed by nation-wide broadcasts.

An authority on youth movements, you know that Lord Halifax did not exaggerate the fanaticism and ignorance of German youth.

But the point must be driven home. Talking glibly of a patched-up peace, many would leave unchanged the Nazi mentality and thus make a further war inevitable.

Unless we all realise that nearly every German between the ages of twenty and thirty has been educated to hate Britain and admire militarism, we shall be courting disaster.

Yours faithfully

Great thought has also been devoted to the mere mechanics of delivering the leaflets through chutes in British Bombers

Now the responsibility of a Secret Department in Whitehall, leaflets have become a formidable weapon in winning the war

TRUTH with the *Milk!*

THIS is the low-down on the leaflets.

Since the first night of war when British bombers dropped thirteen tons of literature on Germany, daring flying hazards and anti-aircraft guns, there has been no more promising reason for argument all over the world than the value of showering an enemy with words instead of bombs.

At first it was thought to be a joke.

But the more you hear about the 150,000,000 leaflets dropped by the R.A.F. night-flying visitors to Greater Germany, the more you realise that this time the Government has created a propaganda machine that fires on all cylinders.

Yet the average Englishman (or neutral for that matter) cannot fathom the importance of a leaflet raid when he neither sees the leaflets in question nor hears what effect they have.

There is a reason for this silence.

Newspapers were asked not to publish more than bare facts about the delivery of leaflets.

Yet JOHN BULL decided to take advantage of the Government promise to allow any newspaper to criticise or ask questions if it felt that something could be done to help in this leaflet propaganda war.

Obviously, the time had come when the country should have the inside story.

A JOHN BULL representative was allowed to interview a high official of the Foreign Office, to get the other side of the story of the leaflet war.

The public is *never* likely to see the leaflets, he explained, because during the last five months the drafting of leaflets, nature of the contents, plans about where they are to be dropped, has been entirely in the hands of a *secret* department.

This department is a law unto itself.

No Government Department, neither the Ministry of Information nor the Foreign Office, has any final say in the matter.

This Department believes that the open discussion inevitably following publication of the leaflets in this country could help the enemy and nullify the effect.

"Everybody who has spent a month in Germany," said the official, "would write to the newspapers criticising the leaflets. We are not afraid of such criticism, but the Nazi propaganda machine would find excellent material in it with which to fight the effect of the leaflets in Germany."

ANOTHER reason is that some leaflets contain material garnered in "certain ways," and that public argument about this material would also help the enemy.

There is nothing slipshod about the way the leaflets are being produced.

It is the work, not of one or two men, but of a large organisation. An enormous amount of thought and planning goes into compiling them.

Each batch of leaflets is designed for a particular objective.

Leaflets dropped over Berlin in the moonlight are different from the leaflets delivered with the milk in Prague and Munich.

Some are drafted to appeal to a particular class of the people, the workers, the tradesmen, the Intelligentsia, the anti-Nazis, even the Nazis themselves.

And the material going into these leaflets is collected only at great cost.

It pours into the headquarters of the British Secret Service from agents all over Germany.

The leaflet Department will learn that in a certain part of Germany there is particular interest in some aspect of the war that is favourable to Britain. In satisfying the questions of the local people it is obvious Britain will greatly further the Allied cause.

So a leaflet is designed as the best possible answer.

The draft is carefully examined by a board of experts who know the German language and have made a life study of the people. They know to a capital letter what effect certain words and phrases will have on the people to whom the leaflet will be delivered.

WHEN the leaflet has eventually been printed and dropped over that particular part of Germany for which it was intended—this is a notable feat when pilots must fly blind over enemy territory dropping half a dozen different leaflets in half a dozen named districts—the secret department can check the results as easily as a business man can trace the effects of an advertisement.

Secret agents send their criticisms and report Nazi reactions. On their reports is based the next leaflet campaign.

Leaflets have ceased to be mere statements of our war aims or simple news bulletins.

They are now a definite war weapon aimed at breaking Nazi power: a secret weapon that is being used solely within German frontiers.

It is a weapon that Hitler fears.

And proof of its effectiveness is to be found in the sentence of a minimum of two years' imprisonment imposed on any "unauthorised person" seen picking up a leaflet. Death is the penalty for passing on a leaflet to another person.

Yes, leaflets may still be a joke to the comedians who insist that we are now sending divers down to U-boats with them, but they are a vital factor in our relentless war drive.

7-Miles-a-Minute Shooting

WHY is it that on a clear, sunny day a British bomber was shot down by British fighters?

MAJOR problem of "identification," previously referred to in JOHN BULL, is among the major hazards of air war.

British bombers have clear markings on their *under* surfaces identifying them to ground spotters. So have fighters on the home defences. The under surface of one wing is black, the other white.

The *upper* surfaces of British bombers are painted a dark camouflage pattern, so designed that the machine, seen from above, merges into the field and earth pattern below. But this protective device against enemy fighters can lead to unfortunate error, especially if the bomber happens to be in an area where the enemy might be expected.

Attacking from above, British fighters, travelling at 7 miles a minute (more than 200 yards a second) open fire at 200 yards range, which means that from sighting his target to attacking the fighter pilot seldom has much more than a second to make up his mind.

Remedy would be to provide rear gunners in bombers with some form of signal apparatus to warn off friendly but over-zealous fighters

?

WHY is it that an officer's wife cannot draw the marriage allowance direct from the War Office, as in the case of the wives of "other ranks"?

IT is a fundamental Army ruling that all pay, allowances and emoluments are "personal" to the officer, who must make his own arrangements to hand over State allowance and any additions.

Here are the Answers . . .

No portion of his pay or emoluments can be alienated except by order of the Court.

If a husband refuses to pay over the allowance to his wife, and thus technically "desert" her, the remedy is to apply to the Courts for a maintenance order. In that case—and only then—will the War Office deduct the allowances from the husband's pay and hand it over to the wife.

?

WHY should Britain allow the tin export quota to be reduced by one-third, yet stick to international restriction schemes in other commodities such as rubber and copper?

PLAYING a queer economic game, with which JOHN BULL disagrees, Britain is making Empire tin dearer to get more dollars, kroner and pesos for it from neutral customers.

But increased prices make more money for such other producers in the tin "ring" as the Dutch and Bolivians. Result is unemployment in tin mines of Nigeria and Burma.

Britain is sticking to rubber and copper quota restrictions to please "big business," but why should we bother about the Dutch and American planting and mining interests. If the war is being fought on the economic front, we should go for full-out production.

Britain has to sell as *much* as possible of Empire produce in world markets.

?

WHY should the Government still pay a subsidy to the producer when bacon and pork cost as much as they do?

PRODUCER gets 11d. a pound for the whole pig, delivered to the collection centre, yet about 20 per cent. of the carcase has to be sold at offal value. The remaining 80 per cent. is sold to the retailer for about 1s. 2d. a pound. He sells it as pork or bacon in cuts ranging from 1s. to 1s. 11d. a pound.

The difference between 11d. a pound received by the producer and the 1s. 2d. a pound paid by the retailer is not sufficient to meet the costs of curing, cutting, cleaning and transport of the carcase.

To give the producer a fair price and at the same time to keep the price down to the public, the State pays a subsidy.

OH BOY! OH BOY! WHAT A FIGHT . . .

—but Hannen Swaffer sees a warning in Canada's war time "snap" election

WHAT is now happening in Canada ought to show this country why a General Election should be avoided in war time unless it is absolutely essential.

On the "air" we hear inspiring proof of Canada's deep-hearted resolution in its stand behind Britain. In the London streets we see Canadian soldiers, whose presence is a tonic.

Yet in every province from the Atlantic to the Pacific there is an electoral war going on between Mackenzie King and Manion that sounds even more violent than the one we are now being forced to wage on Hitler.

Paradoxically the issue before the Canadians is this: "Is our Government doing enough?"

This time there is no defeatist section of the Canadian people.

French-Canadians in Quebec are nearly as keen as British. Many nationalities, settled in the wheat-lands, find now only points of unity.

While all this should be one more proof of the virtues of Democracy, there is going on a war of words that makes you wonder why Democracy will waste its time even in hours of crisis.

Challenged about his war efforts, Mackenzie King, the Liberal Premier, sprang an election.

His Conservative opponents accused him of taking advantage, of monopolising the radio, of grabbing a snap vote.

Even a harmless little film, "Canada at War," made by the "March of Time" people, was barred in Ontario on the ground that it was "political propaganda for the Mackenzie King Government."

And the charge was made by Mitchell Hepburn, Premier of Ontario, another Liberal, yet an old enemy of Mackenzie King.

Such trivial things as this have been magnified to an incredible degree.

R. B. Bennett, Conservative ex-Premier, is living in retirement in England, raising money for the Canadian Red Cross. A wasted man.

His successor as Conservative leader is Dr. Manion, absolutely unknown on this side.

LIBERALISM and Conservatism do not mean in Canada what they do in this country.

I have seen Mackenzie King in the Parliament House in Ottawa looking a pigmy beside Bennett, who, as Premier, dominated the House and seemed to be Lord High Everything Else.

He played his biggest part in politics when he came to England just before the abdication.

He brought to Stanley Baldwin the many cuttings from newspapers circulated in Canada about the King and Mrs. Simpson. His action precipitated the national crisis that ended in a change in the Monarchy.

His grandfather, William Lyon Mackenzie, the Canadian rebel, wrote "The Carolina Almanac," famous for its reference to "Victoria Guelph, the bloody Queen of England," in prison.

Little did this old rebel dream that another branch of his family, the Lyons, would give birth to a Lady Elizabeth, destined to be the King's consort—or that his own grandson would show her round Canada!

Little did this old rebel dream that when his grandson, as Prime Minister, accompanied a King and Queen of England across the Dominion he would be accused by another Liberal, his Ontario rival, Mitchell Hepburn, of being "a mud turtle who went round the Royal tour sticking his head out of the mud."

The only thing on which these Liberals, Hepburn and King, have not disagreed is the torpedoing of the Athenia in the first days of the war, causing the death of a Canadian girl, ten-year-old Margaret Hayworth.

"A Canadian child is stilled in death," said Hepburn, "and, for the murder of Margaret Hayworth, the world's jury finds Adolf Hitler guilty. Men and women of Canada will help to execute the sentence."

Mackenzie King ordered all flags to be flown at halfmast for Margaret's funeral, and the wave of emotion that went across the Dominion stiffened Canada's determination.

Mackenzie King has flowing in his veins traces of the old Republican virility of his grandfather. Thinned out, and weak, it goes to the length of his absolute refusal to allow the bestowal of titles on Canadians and in hating decorations so much that he discourages the wearing of medals at civilian functions.

In his election tour, King has been taking with him the most complete office ever moved about by any political leader, Presidents of the United States included.

THE whole staff of the head of the Government goes with him.

All war cables received while he is on tour are re-telegraphed to wherever his train is stopping, and a special decoding staff travels with him.

He believes it is going to be a long war, and whereas his enemies criticise his war efforts, he has himself said that Canada's part, the Empire air-training scheme and the overseas arms making, will probably become so important that the final victory for the Allies may be shaped on Canadian soil.

"The Nazi doctrine is the very antithesis of what one finds in the Christian gospel," he has declared. "If it prevails, there will be, as I see it, an end to our Christian civilisation. It will prevail unless men are prepared to sacrifice their lives in opposing it. That is why, for the Allied forces, the present war is a Crusade.

"Only by the destruction of Nazism can the nations of the British Commonwealth continue to enjoy the liberties which are theirs under the British Crown, and the world itself be spared a descent into a new, terrible age of barbarism.

"The young men enlisting to-day are, first and foremost, Defenders of the Faith."

These young men are using none of the bitter words hurled in the Canadian election. Such words are not pleasant to the ears of workers and farmers of this great Dominion, potentially among the richest countries on earth.

It will not matter, in the end, whether King or Manion wins. Both are keen war-winners. They need not get personal about it.

William Lyon Mackenzie King is a bachelor—a jovial but stolid Scot who has been journalist, reformer and agitator.

He lives without luxury, with only a manservant as his domestic staff, and a dog.

He declares he was not a bachelor by nature, but was unfortunate to find only one sweetheart—his mother.

He is a deep admirer of the feminine sex, likes their company, and has a spinster's love of a gossip over a cup of tea.

HIS home, Laurier House, Ottawa, was presented to him by his Party in 1919. No bigger than a well-to-do factory manager could afford, it is deep in the woods.

This suits a Premier who has Gladstone's—and the ex-Kaiser's—love of chopping down trees, which he calls "rest from work."

He has the distinction of having held office under five sovereigns, and having been a Deputy-Minister of Labour under Queen Victoria.

He has a marble statue of his mother in the hall of the house.

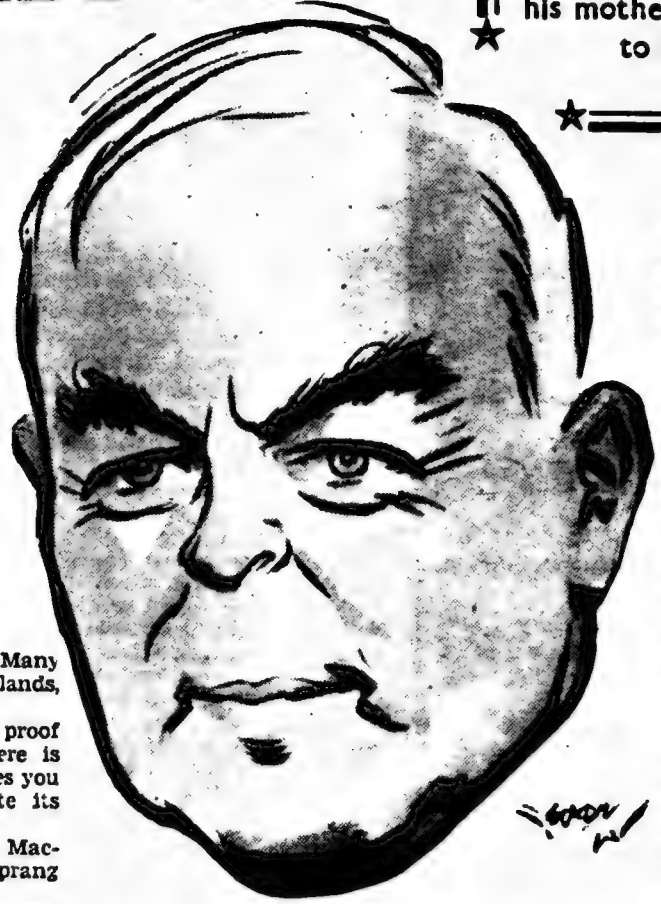
He has been in office for fourteen of his twenty years of party leadership—and he secured 178 of the 245 seats in the last election, in 1935. Manion got only 36.

The Conservatives, lacking a Bennett, then also suffered because of the terrible disclosures about Big Business made in a probe started by Stevens, their own Minister of Commerce.

Soon after, Stevens resigned.

Not even when this election started had the Conservatives recovered from the blow.

★ William Lyon Mackenzie King, grandson of a rebel, a jovial but stolid Scot, has held office under five sovereigns . . . He declares he was not a bachelor by nature, but was unfortunate to find only one sweetheart—his mother, and he has a statue to her in his hall. ★



The Human Machine

GREATEST enemy of efficiency is waste: waste of material, waste of effort, waste of time, waste of energy. The great concern of every business man is to cut out waste. It should also be the great concern of every individual.

There isn't one of us who would not be astonished and dismayed at the waste that goes on if he recorded for just one week his methods of work, his habits of thought, or even his methods of play.

MAYBE you don't think there is any waste where you're concerned. Let's look into it for a moment.

If you don't make some sort of a plan, you're going to waste a lot of energy and effort before the day's through.

You'll forget things, try to do too many things at once to make up for lost time, make mistakes and have to correct them, and do a dozen other things that a few minutes' quiet planning would have enabled you to avoid.

When you remember something that must be done, don't think vaguely that there's plenty of time yet—and do nothing.

That is waste.

Every idea that memory thrusts into your consciousness carries with it the impulse to act on it and begins to generate the necessary energy to carry it out.

YOU must use that energy then; you can't store it.

To recall later what you ought to have done, and to do it, you have to use energy that might have been devoted elsewhere.

These are just two ways in which nearly all of us waste our resources nearly every day.

There are plenty more, but you know which they are where you're concerned!

Remember that personal efficiency, the avoidance of waste, is yours for the taking.

The Town Clerk of Aldershot has asked JOHN BULL to make it clear that the article, "Camp Epidemic Scandal," in our issue of February 24 in no way related to the Aldershot Civil Isolation Hospital and to the staff of that hospital.

We willingly do so.

UNKNOWN EVEN TO MANY OF HIS OWN COUNTRYMEN, PROFESSOR MAJOR-GENERAL KARL E. NIKOLAS HAUSHOFER PLANS THE FUEHRER'S GREATER GERMANY

HITLER'S One-Man BRAINS TRUST

● *The wily old General, living in retirement, instils young Nazis with a spirit of world conquest, and inspires Hitler to further madness.*

THE little-known map-maker has been providing Adolf Hitler with big ideas and even bigger words ever since the Fuehrer, down-at-heel and homeless, a tramp wandering in occupied German Rhineland, wandered into the imposing headquarters of the Association of German Heavy Industry in Duesseldorf.

He stood entranced before a fresco map of the world covering a wall of a vast hall.

The frontiers of Germany encompassed Alsace and Lorraine, Flanders and Holland, the Baltic and Danube countries, Northern Italy and parts of Africa and South America. And the great gold letters beneath that map declared, "Germany, greater than America, richer than Britain."

Hitler decided that the creator of that map was a man after his own heart.

Three years elapsed.

One day when he was in jail in Munich dictating "Mein Kampf" to his devoted Rudolf Hess, Nazi Deputy Leader, he started talking about the inspiration he received from that map. Hess immediately recognised it as the work of Professor Major-General Karl E. Nikolas Haushofer, and as he was the general's aide-de-camp during the war, it was not long before the Bavarian map-maker and his Jewish wife had visited the jail with books and flowers for the political prisoners.

That interview coloured Hitler's whole life. For the first time he heard such words as *lebensraum* (living space), "State-biology," "geopolitics."

He listened wonder-eyed as the retired major-general, living on a pension, expressed many of his own ideas.

In emphasising Germany's need for land for its "surplus population" he said such nations as Japan, Italy and Germany were "have-not peoples" that should become "renovating powers" opposed to the rich Britain and France—"the resisting powers."

"Painting Lessons"

With these ideas in mind he had designed "geopolitical maps" that had been drawn by his son, Dr. Albrecht Haushofer, a geographical expert who was to become equally as indispensable to the land-hungry Nazis.

It was not long before Hitler and Hess were taking "painting" lessons from the aged Bavarian.

He said that Hess should have been a priest, Hitler an architect. He called them by their first names. He pumped the ambitions of Germany's pre-1914 industrialists into the rebels, gave Hitler advice that still shows in the madman's moments of sanity. He started them on the road to power by getting his wealthy industrialist friends to support them.

"Never stake all your plans on a single card," he would warn them, and he described his aims as *freibleibend*—"subject to change without notice."

Ten years ago he was urging that if Germany failed to have the co-operation of England for her world conquests, she must turn to Russia.

Freed from Landsberg Jail, Hitler visited the General at his flat in Kolbergstrasse to see a map that made his eyes pop.

Old Haushofer unrolled one of his son's liftle dreams, showing a Greater Germany that included Alsace, Lorraine, Burgundian West Flanders, Luxembourg, Belgian Flanders, the Netherlands, Denmark and Switzerland.

"The other nations of North Europe can lean on Germany as a great defence union," boomed the General. "We would extend our sphere over Russia and Siberia, and we might influence Latin America, Africa and the Pacific. Italy's sphere would be the Mediterranean, and Japan would take East Asia."

And as the old man talked there were sown the seeds of the unholy alliance of Rome-Berlin-Tokio.

Haushofer never let go of Hitler; and the Fuehrer has never ceased to draw from the old man's immense knowledge of the world.

As a young man, Haushofer, who is now seventy-one, was on the Bavarian General Staff.

He became so fascinated with the East when he was attached to the Japanese army that he still ranks Asiatic cultures as a hobby. He speaks Chinese, French, Russian and Japanese. He has written 1,500 books and pamphlets on his travels through Europe, Korea, China, India and Siberia.

Both his grandfathers were professors, one the founder of the Botanical Gardens in Athens.

There has always been a Haushofer, father or son, to whisper in Hitler's ear when a change of plans was afoot. One of these two has dangled a map before his eyes before he has made one of his impassioned speeches.

The Weakest Point

For years foxy old Haushofer has quietly waited while the Nazi elite, Strasseh, Gottfried Feder, Goebbels, Ribbentrop have had their say, but the Fuehrer always returns to his elderly adviser. Now he has an absolute hold on the Nazi leadership.

"Never be bound by principles," whispers the father.

"Always seek the weakest point," adds the son

"Be ready for anything," continues papa.

"Suit the demand to the supply in international politics," says little Karl.

Now the aged General and his son run an academy in Munich where future Nazi diplomats talk bombastically about Germany's world domination.

Starting with *lebensraum*, they learn their professor's theories until there is nothing left for them to do but conquer the world.

Crafty, merciless, these young cynics, drawn from the aristocracy and upper-middle class, await their turn to take control of Germany. They are Nazis only as long as Hitler stays in power.

It is at this academy that these youngsters learn the rudiments of deceiving the people all the time.

It is here that they are inoculated with the bug that drives them to believe in pulverising the march-loving, hardworking Germans into an unthinking military machine, a mere spearhead for a High Command.

When the Fuehrer feels in need of new ideas he slips away to the General's country house overlooking Ammer See, a small lake forty miles from Munich.

He has yet another dose of maps, sees with glowing eyes still more black arrows pointing this way and that out of Germany, and he goes back to Berlin to tell the High Command that they must give Karl another excuse for drawing a map

Adolf Believes Him

Since Haushofer and his industrialist friends paid Hitler to speak at street corners, the Fuehrer has never been able to free himself of the wily old General's power.

And now that his belief in the old General's ideas have landed him in a war with the Western Powers and made him at last accept his theory of Russo-German collaboration, he is more dependent than ever on the schemer.

"Truth is not always an opportune instrument," wrote old Haushofer recently. "Especially in war time the old rule to report nothing untrue has no value."

Puzzled by the latest turn of events Hitler will dash off to Munich, hear more words of wisdom, see another map, look deep into the *Haushofer* eyes, shake the General's hand, and go off again with his ears still ringing with the old man's motto.

"We shall create a force that will be able to administer the whole world for Germany."

And Hitler believes him!

Imaginary Interview on the Black-Out Bus.

Gentlemen, Eh!

NOW look here, Guv'nor, you got on before the twopenny stage and, no matter *where* it was in between, the fare's threepence! I'm sorry, but there it is. Threepence *has* to be paid . . .

"As a neutral, you don't hold with such arbitrary rules" . . . Blimey! As a neutral, it seems to me you don't hold with no rules at all unless we scares the living daylights out of you. . . .

Oh, beg pardon, I'm sure. You was one of the blokes what drafted the International Red Cross agreement of 1929!

You know, Guv, judging from what I've heard about our prisoners of war, you must have an interesting job! . . .

AS far as I can see, we ain't got more'n a couple of hundred German military prisoners here, yet, according to a question and answer in Parliament, they costs us about two pound a week each just for what you might call board and lodging, that means to say without the cost of guarding them!

These here Nazi orficers are mostly pilots or U-boat commanders that have been breaking every kind of civilised rule and doing plain murder on the High Seas. . . .

Have we got to treat them like blinking "pukkha Sahibs"?

According to that blessed Red Cross Agreement—sez you—we have to pay our prisoners of war just what we pays our own men, rank for blinking rank. . . .

And we can collect the money from Germany when we have won! Jumpin' Jehoshephat! Wot a hope!

Mind you, I'm all for fair does. . . . You say our blokes, what are imprisoned over in Germany, get their proper pay, each according to his rank, same as what they would do if they were in the German Army? . . .

Well, you're a big bug in the International Red Cross. Who am I to doubt your word? . . . Just the same, I ask you, which would you rather be—a British prisoner on German pay, or a bloomin' Nazi prisoner on ours? . . . Not much difference, eh, . . . No; not much! Only about a thousand per cent.!

You say I'm prejudiced? . . . All right! You take the French, who are pretty good business men without being too soft-'arted. They signed the same agreement, and what do they do? . . .

***They* pays their prisoners of war just half the standard pay of their own troops—rank for rank. *And* they expects the enemy officers to dub out for their mess bills, just the same as what they'd have to do in Germany, if you see what I mean!**

There's nothing like that about us! No, no! We should just hate to cramp a German officer's style!

We don't care *how* many people he may have murdered, but, once he has fallen into our hands, poor chap, we reckon to feed him like a gentleman and credit his account with about three or four times as much money as he'd have got in his own blinking army! . . .

That ain't all by a long chalk. Here in this country we've got swarms of soft-hearted, soft-headed mugs sending special comforts to the prisoners of war—not to speak of 2,000 blinking "internees"—and every one of them is living on the best civilian rations that you could hope to have in this country, even if you was a blinking duke!

There's a friend of mine what's on duty at one of these here "prison camps" in the north, and he tells me that there was a bunch of German U-boat and bomber officers, all very up-stage and blarst-your-eyes, complaining 'cos they didn't like the white bread they was served with!

CRIPES! Imagine that! And just about the same time I was reading how several of our own countrywomen—women, mind you, not soldiers—had at last come back from German prisons, where they was fed on sour black bread and treated like slaves!

All right! All right, Guv'nor. Here's your change! Threepence it was, mind you, not twopence—but don't expect me to shout 'ooray over every twopenny-halfpenny agreement what gives Jerry the earth and leaves us with nothing but a gentlemanly bloomin' dignity!

And you can tell *that* to the suffering Hague Convention or whatever it is.

GRIN and BEAR IT! - By Oliver Plush

IT'S BEEN A LOVELY DAY!

WE put the clock forward an hour in February, Hitler put it back 300 years in September and they've got no time in Downing Street.

You don't know whether it's Thursday or Easter, do you?

A Natzi Daub

A forthcoming exhibition of paintings by famous living painters, to be opened in London in May, will contain a front door from Vienna.

My Nephew Writes:

DEAR Uncle Olly,—Well, I'm having a pretty good time up here, evacuated at the North Pole. We see plenty of whales. I've got a pet one. I call it Herman.

The snag here is that it's daytime for six months and night-time for six months, so that we're only just getting near the end of the first day of the war. An advantage is that we only have to black out once a year.

To get over this, there is some talk of introducing Summer Time. This will mean putting the calendars on to January.

I don't like the food here. They eat candles. But I see by a German newspaper which blew up here that you're all doing that in England.

Give my love to Auntie. Does she still think you're as silly as she used?

I'll write again—one of these days.

Cheerio! Yr. obdt. neph., P. PLUSH.

P.S.—If you light one of the candles first it makes a good hot meal.

Happy Memories . . .

Yes, my dear, we're going to Piccadilly Circus to-night to look at the electric signs.

Snooper's Snoops

THE yarns about the Secret History of the War that old Snooper tells down in the local each night!

Hasn't a relation in the world.

Hasn't an uncle in the War Office.

Hasn't a sister who is secretary to Winston Churchill. Hasn't a brother in the Secret Service.

And even his cook's sister's young man hasn't a sister engaged to the brother of a man whose boss's gardener's father knows Lord Gort's chauffeur to speak to. Because Snooper hasn't a cook.

I should think he makes it all up.

"This is such a lousy world," said my friend Lord Scourge the other day, "that if I were a daffodil I'm damned if I'd come up this year."

LEIPZIG FAIR.
BRISTOL MIDDLING.
MANCHESTER AWFUL.

Can't Catch Me!

Now, in the last war, if you remember, they used pigeons to nip back home with the news of what was happening.

I don't know what they're using this time, but you can't buy a tortoise anywhere.

Diary of a Corn

SUNDAY: Although I made my first appearance to-day, I already realise that my position is a lowly one. Yet I have no intention of being downtrodden for long.

MONDAY: Made my presence felt for the first time to-day with remarkable success. For so small a fellow, my work is really red-hot.

TUESDAY: Suffered a brutal assault this evening when suddenly attacked with a razor. Although taken unawares, I quickly put in some fancy shooting and was then left in peace.

WEDNESDAY: Hostilities were resumed at bedtime, when I suffered my first reverse. Obviously I am now facing the acid test.

THURSDAY: Despite renewed attack, I have not lost my head but naturally feel rather cut-up. Enemy is obviously out of favour with neutrals. On making complaint about my activities, was told tersely to "cut it out."

FRIDAY: Despite valiant resistance, am finally defeated. Now I know what double-faced neutral meant by "cut it out."

YOUNG BILL *by Bruce Bairnsfather*

"A thousand dart boards have just arrived, sir, but I can find no trace of the darts, what should I do about it?" (Answer censored)

Love and Let Love

DR. PAUL POPENOE, of the Los Angeles Institute of Family Relations, has been busy asking husbands how they proposed to their girl friends.

One Romeo, says Dr. Popenoe, proposed to the girl who had made the gooseberry pie eaten at a picnic.

Not to be outdone by the good doctor, I hired a twee Cupid costume from the nearest theatrical costumier's, and set out to do a little investigation along the same lines.

A DYSPEPTIC: I proposed because the girl had *not* made the gooseberry pie I ate at a picnic.

A SCHOOL-TEACHER'S HUSBAND: I saw that my sweetheart was in a class of her own.

A SAILOR: How was I to know that our sailing orders for the China station would be cancelled the next day?

A MORMON: Force of habit, I guess, buddy.

SIX HUNDRED AND FORTY-TWO ASSORTED HUSBANDS: That's exactly what *I* would like to know, old boy.

Who Told Him?

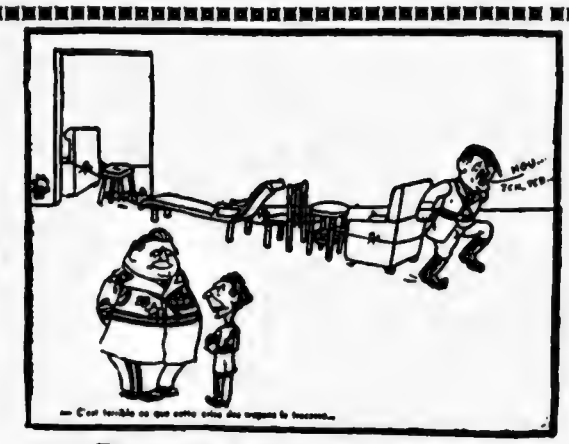
DOCTOR GOEBBELS says that a neutral visitor would notice scarcely any difference between Germany in war time and Germany in peace time.

But that's the trouble, Doc., you big fish!

Finding Things Out

TROUBLE enough when Hitler thinks he's Napoleon, J. Caesar and Alexander the Great rolled into one. But what's worrying the United States is the possibility that one of these bright mornings he may wake with the idea that he's Christopher Columbus.

As Others See It!



"This shortage of railway trucks is getting him down."—*La Lumiere, Paris.* See over.

"Because of the restrictions on poultry, the goose-step has been abolished."—*Marianne, Paris.*

SENTINELS of the COAST

THERE are three main points on the coast where the Contraband Control operates.

One is at Kirkwall, off the far north Scottish coast, another off the south-east coast of England, and the third is off Weymouth.

To reveal these facts is not to give away secrets to the enemy. Germany already knows where they are, the neutrals know where they are, for the Allies have made no secret of them.

And the men who search the cargoes at these ports communicate with the ten members of the Contraband Committee of Britain's Ministry of Economic Warfare, housed in the gloomy London School of Economics, by a teletype machine, and receive instant decisions as to what they should do with ships under examination.

The south-east coast station is a resort that was crowded by holiday-makers last summer. This year it is crowded by naval men and soldiers. Sentries are posted at barbed wire entanglements.

The procedure at each station is the same.

All kinds of craft are being used.

Many inspection boats were built for pleasure cruising on rivers and lochs.

They are captained by men of all ages. Some were masters of yachts; some had retired from seafaring; some are much too young to think of retiring.

There is one officer in this reprisal service who is seasick every time he goes out for a long voyage. Yet he has sailed to every part of the world, and during the Spanish war he chased up and down the Mediterranean looking for the mysterious submarine that gave the British Navy anxious days.

This adventurer, torpedoed three times in the last war, can't even swim.

JINKS is the name by which we must know him.

He wears medals for bravery, but he is afraid to cross a street in the black-out.

Look at him on the contraband job.

Jinks commands a little vessel dashing out in all kinds of weather in a whirl of spray and flying foam.

We were bound for a group of neutral ships lying out in the bay awaiting inspection. They had been brought from all quarters, and were bound for all quarters.

We had to pass through water made dangerous by floating debris, wreckage from ships sunk in the neighbourhood. If the little craft rode into that debris it would mean getting wet. That is why Jinks watched.

Darting through the spray the boat bounced and plunged, slowing down when we reached the herd of ships.

Each one had its nationality painted in immense letters on its side—Greek, Belgian, Norwegian, Swedish, and a few from South America. Many of them flew signal flags, saying they were in need of water or provisions.

Jinks chose his ship, a big cargo boat bound for the South Atlantic.

Fastening to it like a mosquito, the inspection craft came to a halt, and up the rope-ladder went Jinks and his assistant.

They inspected the manifest in the skipper's cabin, heard what cargo was aboard and its destination.

The skipper proclaimed his complete neutrality.

They all do—officially.

NOT every inspection reveals contraband. But the inspectors find it. In a consignment of barrels labelled "cement" they found, on one occasion, more than cement. In a cargo of grain they ferreted out something else.

Jinks knows all the tricks. He doesn't know how he knows. Sort of instinct, he thinks. He has made several "hauls." One day he wasn't a bit satisfied.

"Off with the hatches," he ordered. The hatches came off. Jinks leaped down, felt his way among the cases, bales, barrels and general merchandise.

Flashing his electric torch here and there, he sensed a mystery. He was not looking for smuggled goods. There is no question of smuggling. This is export contraband control, the seizure of cargo sent out from Germany in neutral ships.

Along the hold planks went Jinks, flashing his torch. Suddenly he spotted the sole of a hobnailed boot.

Jinks bent down, gripped the ankle above the boot, and said in his quiet, cool voice, "Come out, you!"

Out came a young German.

Jinks continued his search, and found another German.

They said they were stowaways, refugees from Germany. They went ashore—with part of the cargo.

Many neutrals pass through, all correct. Their skippers are given the permit and told to proceed, a safe course being marked out for them.

But others try to dodge even the control station. These few have to be watched. And they are watched.

Strung along the sea are the Naval ships, gathering in the stragglers, giving them directions, telling them just what they are expected to do. If they try to go ahead when they are signalled to stop, a shot across the bows tells them that this is the final notice.

The next shot may be nearer the waterline. It is a safe bet that the would-be dodgers have something they want to get away with.

Jinks tells of a ship that was observed on the horizon piling along for the open sea with all her engines going at full pelt.

She was signalled to stop, and stop she did, after pretending to misread signals.

But when the Naval vessel came up with her, the commander saw something else just beyond the cargo boat.

It was the conning tower of a U-boat and her gun was trained on the cargo boat.

The appearance of the British destroyer seemed to be as much a surprise to the German submarine as the submarine was to the destroyer. They both acted simultaneously.

Crash went the U-boat's gun and the shell whistled over the destroyer's bridge. Bang went one of the destroyer's guns and its shell struck the water just ahead of the submarine.

When the tower of water sent up by the shell cleared, the U-boat was halfway submerged. It was doing a crash dive.

The destroyer put on speed and raced towards the spot. She was still some distance away when the track of a torpedo was sighted.

She evaded the "tin fish," and as a reply down went several depth charges.

The cargo ship was still busy trying to save herself. She zigzagged and ploughed along, smoke belching from her funnel.

The destroyer still chased the U-boat. Soon there appeared on the surface of the sea the tell-tale foul oil that shows a submarine has been hit.

There was no debris, no sound of under-surface explosions.

A German seaman's cap came up and floated on the waves. That was all, save the bubbling of the oil. Another depth charge or two stopped that.

THE destroyer then turned her attention to the cargo ship, which was racing, no longer zigzagging, for the horizon and gathering darkness.

The destroyer raced after her.

There was no chance of the commercial ship escaping the Naval vessel in a straight race, but for some reason she kept at full speed, even when the destroyer was running easily alongside.

Signals were then exchanged.

Destroyer: "What's your hurry?"

Cargo ship: "I am escaping from a U-boat."

Destroyer: "The U-boat is sunk."

Cargo ship: "I have no proof of that and don't want to be a victim."

Destroyer: "I give you my word the U-boat is sunk. I also request you to turn southward. I will take you to have your cargo inspected."

Cargo ship: "I am a neutral. Please let me go on my voyage."

At this point the signals stopped.

The destroyer sent a more urgent signal. A shot whistled across the bows of the tramp. Still she continued her course. The destroyer closed in, signalled that she would sink her unless she obeyed orders. The tramp was convinced at last.

When she was brought safely to the inspection station her skipper swore that the U-boat had been using him as a shield and had warned him that he would be sunk unless he did as the U-boat commander wished.

Such was the story told by the skipper, the only man aboard speaking English.

When the ship was inspected and her manifest examined, it was found that she contained a large amount of contraband merchandise.

Her fate was that of all those similarly laden.

A prize crew came aboard. A Trinity House pilot climbed the ladder and took the wheel, and the ship was brought into the nearest port where the cargo could be handled.

ALL this is part of the economic war to prevent Germany from shipping goods to countries where she would get the necessary foreign exchange needed for purchases abroad.

Through this economic warfare, Germany is in something like the same economic stress at the end of five months as she was after two years of the last war.

Skippers of neutral ships usually give every assistance to boarding parties.

If nobody aboard the neutral ship can speak English an interpreter is provided, and most neutrals are vastly impressed by the swift efficiency and ability of the men coming out in the small boats.

Along the quays and harbours of the control stations there are goods of all kinds—barrels, cases, boxes, crates, even machinery and valuable metal—taken from neutral vessels.

All this material will be used against Germany in its own way. It is the best answer when Hitler asks who is really ruling the seas.

Jinks finishes each job with a solemn ritual.

HE drinks a glass of beer to the confusion of Germany, and gravely hopes that Hitler will cease "biting the carpets and take to the line." He then ties on his sou'wester for the return journey to port.

"Germany says she commands the seas," he scoffed, as he laid his hand on the wheel and jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "Look out there and you get the answer to that."

I looked out.

A long line of great ships outward bound, was passing in stately fashion, with warships dotted here and there on the flanks of the advancing cavalcade.

It was a British convoy carrying the trade of Britain without fuss, without ostentation, to the uttermost ends of the earth.

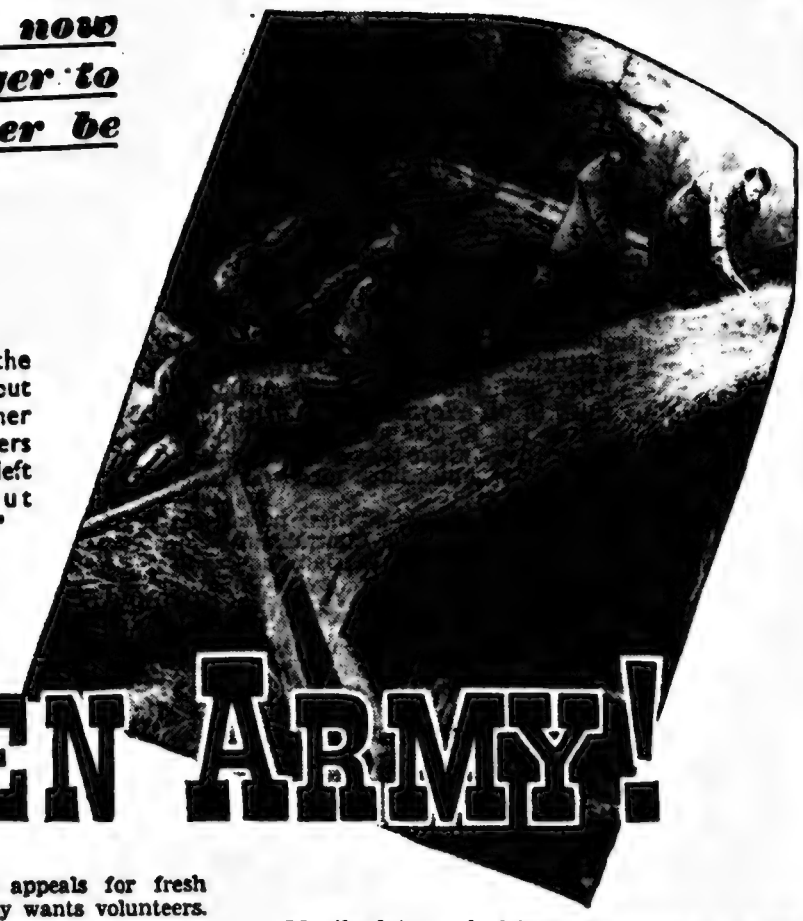
● *To see the experienced men of the Contraband Control at work is to realise the ease with which Britain is putting a stranglehold on Nazi commerce.*

Fishing for Death—3

This is the story of how cargoes from Nazi Germany, shipped in neutral vessels, are halted, inspected, seized or released by British Contraband Officials. By—

STUART MARTIN

Hundreds of thousands of volunteers, now unemployed because they were too eager to help in the war effort, must no longer be scorned by a complacent officialdom



Here are some of the lucky girls . . . but thousands of other Land Army volunteers have been left stranded without work or "dole"

FORGOTTEN ARMY!

RELEASED from the Army to do work he cannot get, Mr. Lawrence Whittle queues up for the "dole" each week.

He was called out with other Territorials at the end of last August. After nearly six months' active service, he was told to return home because his engineering skill was needed in civilian life.

So Mr. Whittle went back to look for his old job. It had been filled. He trudged miles in search of another. He was equally unlucky when he tried to rejoin the Army.

As he waits hopelessly outside the employment exchange, he now reads in the newspapers that the Government is training women and labourers as engineers to "overcome the shortage of skilled labour."

And he wonders.

Miss Harriet Sellerson wonders, too. The Government tells her that a million women are wanted for war work, not only in arms factories, but also in Whitehall.

Although only thirty-four, she has had ten years' first-class experience.

She can typewrite in a dozen languages, write shorthand at verbatim speed, dictate correspondence, draw up technical reports and control staff.

Yet she can't earn a living wage.

When the war destroyed her five-pounds-a-week job, she registered with the employment exchange and professional agencies.

Among the first to enrol on the Government's Central Register of Professional Workers, she hears of official posts being given to Society ornaments and pin-money wives.

There is nothing for her.

Filling up a dirty form for W.A.A.F. a month ago, she has had no answer to her application for a typist's job. The doors of State are firmly closed against her.

Mr. Whittle and Miss Sellerson are not alone in having their skill disdained, their enthusiasm wasted and their standard of living shattered.

JOHN BULL **has revealed the plight of many others. Thousands more have their scandalous poverty hidden by the matter-of-fact unemployment statistics that continue to horrify the nation every month.**

Britain's workless army includes big battalions of young men and women who left good jobs to serve their country.

Week in and week out, they wait for a call to the Colours. Every week they read appeals for fresh volunteers—and reflect that nobody wants volunteers.

With the eagerness and impatience of his nineteen years, Dick Johnson volunteered last October for the R.A.F. and rashly left his job in the expectation of an early call.

Instead of parading in Air Force blue, he appears in the drab "dole" queues. No employer will offer him a job because of his age. Among his friends are many lads in a similar quandary.

SO large is the number of "unwanted volunteers" that the War Office and Ministry of Labour have had to warn men not to forsake employment until they are definitely accepted for military service.

Even more bitter has been the experience of many girls whose patriotism has brought them to penury.

Typists downed typewriters, mannequins dropped their mannerisms, factory girls stepped out of overalls when a nation-wide publicity campaign urged women to join the Land Army.

More than 25,000 volunteered in a few weeks.

Months later, only 3,000 had been called for training. Still fewer have been given work at 15s. a week.

Whitehall propaganda was plain humbug.

"I have been deluded into persuading girls to leave their homes on the promise of jobs which are not available to them," says Miss Calmady, formerly the Women's Land Army recruiting officer for Devon.

"Nothing has been done for the social and moral welfare of these girls, who have been set adrift on the 'dole' and in many cases stranded."

Turn to the A.R.P. services, now so busily adding to unemployment returns

Local councils throughout the country, alarmed at the heavy cost of civilian defence, have sacked scores of thousands of paid A.R.P. workers, many of whom had to resign their ordinary jobs.

Now they find themselves penniless as a reward for loyal service.

Younger men have tried to join the Fighting Forces, only to be told to wait.

Some may have to wait a year, wasting their talents in a glutted labour market where men of military age have become "unemployables."

Tens of thousands more may not enlist because they belong to reserved occupations.

That they have no occupation at present does not disturb the lofty statesmen assuring them that their skill will be tapped.

One trained artisan has been waiting for that "soon" since Christmas.

In desperation he has taken a labourer's job at a third of his normal wages.

More than a hundred thousand builders are idle.

More than a hundred thousand constructional engineers and navvies.

More than twenty thousand general engineers.

Even though it has not yet reached its peak, the war has lasted six months.

Time enough for all the strands in the nation's struggle to be woven together, time for breaks to be mended and flaws cut out.

AFTER six months of the greatest peril that has ever confronted us, 1,500,000 people have been denied a share in the common task.

JOHN BULL declares that this is the gravest scandal of our times, the most shameful reproach ever justly levelled against a Government.

In any other country this muddle would be incredible. It weakens the strength and morale of the nation.

Unless it is speedily ended, not even the might of our Fighting Forces will ensure our victory.

While training the unskilled for next year's work, skilled men of to-day must be absorbed without delay.

Needless for Ministers to appeal for volunteers.

They have the volunteers. They have the money, ungrudgingly raised by every class of the community, to provide immediate work for all.

They lack but one thing, the most vital thing of all. It has not yet dawned on them that this war won't be won by "muddling through."

Catch 'em Young!

says the Rev. Pat McCormick

THE other day I heard Mr. Bennett, a former Prime Minister of Canada, make a fine speech in which he declared that the Allies were fighting to maintain a Christian civilisation.

Most people would agree that the triumph of Nazi Germany would mean the loss of freedom not merely for the country, but for the individual.

But when I hear people talking about Christian civilisation, I am always troubled because such large numbers of children have been reared with virtually no knowledge of Christianity.

Many prominent persons have recently pointed out the lack of religious thinking in the nation.

They say that it is small use fighting to safeguard religion against attack from without if we allow it to be starved by neglect from within.

People are beginning to say that it's time the country decided what sort of citizens it wants the children of to-day to become.

Before tackling the question, you must have some idea of what you mean by education.

Precisely, the word means "Drawing something out."

Let us as a race with a fine history behind us determine that it is our job to see that the best, and nothing less than the best, is drawn out of the children of to-day.

The next twenty years of British history will be made or marred by the type of men and women behind it.

Having seen history in the making in many parts of the world, I am convinced that to develop children into the best type of citizens, they must have a background of religion.

Countries that have scrapped religion have not succeeded in producing the best type of men and women.

Among the important national organisations most requiring overhauling is the educational system, under which children of all classes receive either no religious background or one that is so futile that it defeats its own object.

We must have a solid Christian background, with a conscience that not even the most popular politician can break without peril to himself and his party.

There is much to be done to make this a Christian country. There is a standard of fair dealing and honesty that is expected not only of public men but also of the country itself. The Government would not have dared to go to war if the conscience of the nation had not been satisfied that it was right in the circumstances.

That in itself is a fine thing, but we have got to consider the future.

Supposing that education were to become merely utilitarian.

Suppose it were merely a matter of book learning and passing examinations; supposing that the whole question of educating that fine conscience were left out. Are we likely to continue to look forward to a Christian civilisation?

Some people seem to think that religion should be taught only in the home, or out of school hours.

Many young couples whose children are growing up now have never had any religious education at all.

How can they give it to their children?

So it is no use talking about children being taught religion in the home. Some stronger effort than that is required.

£5 : 5 : 0 for you! See page 24

Troops Must Toe Anti-Waste Line

A Scarborough farmer, collecting refuse at a military camp for pig swill, found ribs of beef, fifty cooked eggs, buckets of soup, buckets of porridge, and loaves of bread on the waste dump.

Another farmer, collecting swill from another camp near Farnham, Surrey, found sixty loaves of bread on the refuse tip in one day.

Sir Lionel Darell told the Gloucester Agriculture Committee that he found ten pounds of jam, five smoked hocks, twelve pounds of bacon, 150 cooked sausages, a quantity of tomatoes, two hundredweights of beef and mutton, and ten loaves of bread on a camp dump.

These lads are lucky . . . that stew is obviously the stuff to give the troops, but pity men in other camps who are served with atrocious meals

Brass Hats must realise that the Economic Front must be maintained with the same scrupulous regard for discipline as the West Wall

DESPITE these well-authenticated instances of Army waste, JOHN BULL daily receives letters from soldiers complaining that through disorganised distribution they are receiving so little food they must devote much of their Army allowance to feeding themselves.

Others find the food supplied by Army chefs is cooked so atrociously that not even manly appetites created by an open-air life are a sufficiently strong sauce to make it palatable.

Incredible examples of carelessness among military cooks make it essential that the War Office toes the line with the civilian population in the nation-wide campaign.

The nation has been inspired by the idea that this is an economic war, which can be won not only by saving, but also by preventing waste.

MEMORIES of the mistakes of the last war make the eagle-eyed all too keen to see that vital supplies are not dissipated.

Although a few such go-ahead authorities as Tottenham Council have done everything possible to utilise the contents of dustbins, other councils are slow to collect paper, metal and food scraps. Rural communities still allow villagers to burn useful waste, collect only tin and glass.

But the nation-wide drive to make local authorities put an end to waste is slowly rounding up the laggards.

Even when the unfounded stories spread by anti-waste fanatics have been proved incorrect, there is still ample evidence of far too much waste in military camps.

The Army must tackle its waste problem in the same way as it tackles the job of fighting.

If food is wasted because Army cooks have not yet been sufficiently well trained, military authorities must draw on the vast untapped supply of competent men cooks still in civilian life.

It is lamentable that men entrusted with military responsibility should meekly try to explain away waste by saying that their cooks trained to look after a small army cannot yet deal with the force now under arms.

They have hopes that men now being trained in the thirty odd Army Schools of Cookery will be able to provide the stuff to give the troops. Yet even these trained cooks, many of them women, have offered hungry soldiers food they just couldn't eat.

Good, well-cooked food is vital to soldiers. It is fuel for the body, refreshment for the mind. Its effect is twofold.

Even those military experts agreeing that food abused is worse than food wasted have the nerve to explain the difficulties of providing food for large numbers of men.

There is no reason why catering for an Army unit should be any more difficult than catering for a holiday camp. Units are not forced to take definite quantities of food.

Everybody knows the troubles besetting that long-suffering individual, the messing officer, on whose bowed shoulders fall the criticisms of anybody with a grouse.

Yet the efficient mess officer should have no great difficulty in doing the job efficiently. It is an art accomplished by every housewife.

Any two-shilling cookery book would explain to the interested messing officer how he could prevent waste by using surplus edible food instead of throwing it to the pigs.

HIS mother could tell him that it is more economical to serve bread cut into slices rather than to put half-loaves on the table. Much can be saved by carving meat with an eye to economy yet without being close with the calories.

Towards the end of the last war, messing officers attached to each unit were detailed to detect waste.

More than this is needed in this war.

Already troops have been ordered to report instances of waste to the War Office, but there should be Military Flying Squads of Anti-Waste Officers paying surprise visits to camps and not giving wasters a chance to hide their misdeeds.

They would be inspired by a soldier, writing to JOHN BULL from the Midlands about the appalling waste in his camp.

"Waste bins are filled with enough food to supply us with hundreds of meals," he says. "Large lumps of butter, bread, potatoes, bacon, ham, sausages and meat lie rotting in the refuse."

His story is reiterated by others.

Instead of good food, well cooked, having the desired psychological effect on these men, they are disgusted by the waste and the poor cooking.

They are angered when they see a tradesman doing quite a good trade in surplus goods from Army camps.

They cannot but complain when they hear of an Army official supplied with 900 lb. of beef and 600 loaves of bread for only 1,200 men selling the surplus to the little man around the corner.

Chivalry may stand up to porridge served in lumps; rissoles like rocks, kippers cooked by having boiling water poured over them; tea made from greasy water, and bacon charred to a cinder.

But it is tarnished by the presence of scrounging and graft.

Nobody can deny that there is a tremendous leakage of official goods.

SOMETIMES there is a police court prosecution; sometimes a court-martial. Mostly scrounging goes on unnoticed by authority, but such skulduddery is duly noted by the men.

Mr. J. Swayne, chairman of the Salisbury magistrates, was forthright when dealing with four men accused of stealing goods from barracks.

"It is well known that there is a tremendous ramp going on with Government property," he said.

"The unfortunate taxpayers are paying heavily for the war, and we are asked to avoid waste," he added, "yet we get this sort of thing."

He had been told that stolen articles included a bookcase, an armchair, dining chairs, chests of drawers, dinner plates, kitchen utensils, clothing, tinned foods, doormats, brushes and sheets.

Nothing comes amiss to the "scrounger."

Perhaps the limit of audacity was reached by two naval stokers who stole 45 gallons of petrol from a warship anchored in a South Coast harbour, rowed the loot ashore and peddled it, gallon by gallon, on the front.

Everything from bedsteads to motor-cars has been listed among the property vanished from camps.

C.I.D. officers have been posted among the A.R.P. officials in many parts of the country to stop the disappearance of coal, paraffin, electric light bulbs, torches and blankets. Ambulances have been drained of petrol, stripped of bedclothes.

Yet local tradesmen brazenly admit that they are "in the market" for "surplus goods."

While the Government is putting all it knows about propaganda in the vast effort to further the economic war on the Home Front, the wasters and the scroungers in the Services are belittling their work.

Civilians are enthusiastic, and they expect the Government to practise what it preaches by ousting the traitors. They will tarnish the shining glory of the fight in every way. They must be exterminated before the decay that they represent spreads.

It means a real drive. But it would be a real victory drive. So let's get going.

Peace is the Target

AN ever-increasing stream of free National Savings Stamps is flowing from JOHN BULL to the readers firing the first shots in our new "Speed-the-Victory" campaign.

They are the first of thousands to benefit in this plan to combine the pleasure of competing for prizes in JOHN BULL'S entertaining competitions with the satisfaction of saving.

The plan provides for 10,000 Savings Stamps to be presented free as Bonuses with *Bullets* prizes; and another 10,000 with Crossword prizes.

JOHN BULL enables you to begin collecting Savings Stamps *without awaiting* prizes by presenting them to all purchasers of 6d. Prepaid Entry Vouchers for our Competitions.

The second batch of the 20,000 Free Savings Stamps will be presented with the prizes to be won in this week's *Bullets* and Crosswords.

Turn now to pages 36 and 39.

"THE THINGS WHICH WILL SUCCEED"

TO watch and never tire however long the strain, to guard the things we value against things that are profane. To keep that smile of courage shining in our eyes, and to hold our Hope against dark threats of Hate's Inflamed Surprise.

TO stand firm for the right things no matter what the cost, to keep on with undying faith when the things we prize are lost. To see folk round us suffering and our balance still to keep and to go on with our duty though our hearts ache to stay and weep.

TO lend a hand when trouble causes someone to give in to give them every ounce we've got so that new strength they'll win. To touch each hour of hardship with a prayer however brief, and to mix common-sense and laughter with Life's darker shades of Grief.

TO face each day with courage whatever it may hold, to know that each experience some new chance will unfold. To keep an open outlook when faced with life-twisted views, and to keep our soul for ever free its own clean course to choose.

TO hold on to Things Eternal, the Things which will Light the World, when the Fanatic's blood-stained Flags have been for ever furled, when the clamour and the clatter for Lust of Power and Greed, have been Silenced by The Decent Things which WE ALL KNOW MUST SUCCEED.

J. M.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' PAGE

He is Grand —but Shady!

Swindled shareholders leaving a meeting at which they discovered that their money had gone . . filched by a man now living in luxury in another country

A MAN-ABOUT-TOWN is seeking fame and fortune in the literary world. But I suspect he is more intent on a fortune than fame, and I warn you to beware the methods by which he is trying to amass it.

This man of many parts boasts a name as impressive as his new aim in life—Alfred Leigh Augustine Walker Greig.

His mouthpiece is a company called The World Says, Ltd. Its objects, no less grand, are to carry on business as newspaper and magazine proprietors, Press agents, and so on.

The company is at present operating from modest offices in Burleigh Street, Strand, W.C.2.

It proposes to publish a News Letter for Americans, but first some news about it might be welcome to Britons asked to finance this and others of Mr. Leigh's versatile schemes.

One man parted with cash in order to get a job with The World Says, and was made a director.

He has now resigned owing to his dislike of Leigh's methods and is suing the company for arrears of salary.

Another man, now in the Army, parted with £200. At least one other, promised an important post on the proposed News Letter, cannot get overdue salary.

I have always held, and always shall, that it is a most objectionable way of raising finance for private companies by taking it from people in return for employment or directorships.

Printers are pressing for payment. Even typists find it hard to get their wages, and some weeks have to go without.

Greig still prates buoyantly of new publications and of contact with an important religious movement that will bring financial grist to his mill.

NO DOUBT I SHALL EMBARRASS HIM BY URGING MY READERS NOT TO INVEST ANY MONEY IN THE COMPANY WHILE HE REMAINS AT ITS HELM.

There are other reasons why I think people should exercise caution where Mr. Greig is concerned.

But I will leave it there for the present.

Basking in the Sun on ill-gotten gains

This Rascal Must Be Brought Home

SOMEWHERE in South America, basking in the genial warmth of the tropic sun, and thriving on his ill-gotten gains, is James Petter, an impudent rascal, who should be brought back to this country to be lodged in a little stone room that was never meant for sun-bathing.

He may be sun-burned now, but he would receive a different kind of tanning if the many persons he has swindled had the chance of giving him his due.

He was one of the four leading figures in the great mushroom growing ramp in which hundreds of small investors lost their savings.

Two of them are now serving heavy jail sentences, but Petter and his friend, Maurice Singer, managed to leave the country before warrants were issued for their arrest.

I was suspicious of Petter's latest venture when I heard that an ever-trusting public had invested nearly £700,000 in this project, of which £250,000 had been paid in commission to share-pushers who had foisted shares on the unwary.

I had exposed Petter on previous occasions for his doubtful dealings.

My fears that, though his mushroom farm was well provided with plant and equipment, there was something sinister about Petter's interests in it, were proved correct when one of my representatives paid a special visit to M.G. Farm, Wethersfield, Essex.

He reported to me that, while the concern was obviously doing genuine business, it was being used as a camouflage for share-pushing activities.

Among the unfortunate are seven hundred and fifty women who lost money in the M.G. Farm.

A grey-haired woman lost £1,250, her life savings. A retired nurse invested £500 on which she was hoping to live. And there are retired Army officers, clergymen, spinsters and widows among the ruined All have pathetic stories.

Yet there was a time when Petter, the scoundrel, had the impudence to issue a writ for libel against JOHN BULL. He might as well have tried to muzzle a lion.

During the last few months four judges, a dozen barristers, and several firms of solicitors have been engaged in one way or another in investigating Petter's complicated finances. Mr. J. Barwick Thompson, Senior Official Receiver in Bankruptcy, has spent months in probing.

And Petter goes on sitting in the sun. It's about time they brought him back to cool off, don't you think?

MELODY THAT FALLS FLAT

"FOLLOW-UP" letters broadcast by the Cumberland Press, Strand, London, W.C., and their debt collectors make most amusing reading. This is the tune they call, but they have to pipe low in the end.

FORTE.—"If we do not receive settlement within the next seven days we shall have to place the matter in the hands of our collectors."

FORTISSIMO.—"We are instructed by our subscribers, Messrs. Cumberland Press, to apply to you for payment. We have to give final notice that unless same is paid to us in full within three days from the above date, the papers will be handed to our subscribers' solicitor and proceedings taken for the recovery thereof."

DIMINUENDO.—"These war days are making life very difficult for us all, and we can well imagine what a struggle you are having to carry on, and we feel sure that you in turn will realise that we are in the same position. . . . We hope that it will not be necessary for us to apply to the Courts for payment because if we do, it will entail extra costs for you to meet. . . ."

CRESCENDO.—"Unless you write promising to pay by instalments we shall be obliged to get a court order."

FORTE.—"We would now inform you that unless we receive payment or an agreement to pay on regular instalments by return of post, we are definitely taking Court action."

PIANO.—"We are quite well aware of the present difficult conditions as we too are experiencing the same, but as we have to meet our commitments we see no way but to ask you to do your best to settle this matter."

Addicts of "swing" music would call this "hot," but it's not a new tune to me.

None of my correspondents means to pay anything. All the contracts were obtained by misrepresentation of the firm's travellers.

Public Benefactor

READERS co-operating with me in exposing injustices and fraud by writing to me about things needing investigation are helping to do a public service.

Do not be afraid to write. Incidents that may seem trivial often develop in a big way.

This week's £1 1s. has been awarded to Mr. H. E. Stride, Golden Hillock Road, Birmingham, 10.

Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Far Too "Select"

I COULDN'T help feeling curious when reading an advertisement of "The Selected Mortgage and Finance Investment Company" claiming:

"Mortgages available at 4½ per cent.; also second mortgages on residences, shops, businesses, farms, hotels, kinemas, garages and building finance; any district or town. Inquiries without obligation.—SELECTED."

And I realised why when my investigator revealed that the figure behind this fine-sounding affair was none other than Lewis Applestone, about whose operations my department has been collecting information for many years. I have a large dossier about him.

Now known as Lewis Ashley, of High Street, Kingsland Road, London, E.8, he has also had something to do with Ashley and Company, mortgage brokers (so-called), of Clapton Common, London, N., a firm that offered to arrange all kinds of mortgages and charged only a "survey fee" for doing so.

It cost anything up to six guineas.

But people in many parts of the country have complained that Ashley's firm took the fees, but did little else. I am not surprised.

His ventures never did inspire confidence, and this grandiose "Selected Mortgage and Finance Investment Company" should be left alone to bask in its own reflected glory.

Sky-Pilot Dodger

PROBABLY there is more war-profiteering in religion than in any other commodity. And if you take me to task for suggesting that not even the bare bones of Theology could be used as a commercial proposition, I have merely to introduce you to a few of the wily sinners now growing fat out of what they can make among parochial innocents.

Biggest humbug of them all is Thomas Joseph Ellis, alias Joseph Sayer, alias the Rev. Moss Ellis, alias Francis Ignatius Ellis and what you will.

This "sky pilot," who has been to jail for defrauding a bookmaker, fraudulently withdrawing money from the Post Office Savings Bank, false pretences, and obtaining a passport by false pretences, has found more than enough money for bogus charities after brandishing letters supposed to have been signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Fulham.

He has been denounced in court as a liar and a braggart, and he lives up to his reputation by making extraordinary statements about being ordained in the Episcopal Church of the United States when he is asked awkward questions.

Many bogus clergymen are now obtaining money for "comforts" from wives and mothers of soldiers, and persuading churchgoers to help young clergymen who are becoming Army padres.

5 THREATS TO YOUR POCKET

SILK stockings are a bait that few women can resist. That is why so many housewives are bewailing the half-guineas they have lost to house-to-house collectors.

These men, now touring the country in a small army, show delectable goods, collect the money and say the order will be delivered in a few days, the balance account to be paid C.O.D.

But the postman never brings those dreamed-of stockings.

They Caught Him

GEORGE WILLIAM MacAUSLANE was sent to jail at Poole only a few days ago for obtaining money in advance for silk stockings. He had been taking part in a vast door-to-door canvass plan.

I am now receiving complaints about representatives of Messrs. M. McHughs (London), Limited, of Oxford Street, London, W., who have persuaded women to pay ten shillings deposits on goods that never arrive.

Letters of complaints to the office in Oxford Street are returned marked "Gone Away," and no wonder. The place is abandoned, the rent is unpaid.

Yet their salesmen have since been taking orders.

So don't fall for silk stockings dangled at the front door.

Max Needs Watching

ALSO worth watching is the Anglo-Overseas Trading Company, managed by Max Newman, of Cable Street, London, E.1, about whom many complaints have been received.

People have parted with money and then had the greatest difficulty in getting the goods for which they have paid.

A representative of a trade journal in which the company's advertisements appeared recently apologised.

"I am afraid I have had a number of complaints," he said in his letter, "and unfortunately I have not been able to get them settled.

"No further advertisements will be accepted."

Max made a name for himself in Manchester with his dubious concerns.

So you can't be too careful.

Polish Them Off!

FURS furniture polish and tea seem to mean the same thing to the glib salesmen of Central Food Products, of Blandford Street, London W.1, offering half a guinea in cash, "in a few days," to those regularly buying tea from them.

In the first phase of their country-wide campaign these talkative fellows used the "evergreen" tea bonus dodge as their chief talking point. Then the Central Food Products switched its free offer tea gift to furniture polish.

Again, regular buyers are promised half a guinea in fourteen days. Furrier Harry Oswald Benny appears to be the registered owner of Central Food Products, even though circulars issued by the firm explain that "M. Egelstaff" is the proprietor.

Casting a Spell

CHURCH leaders are collaborating with police authorities in Wales in trying to stamp out "Good Luck" charlatans. They are having difficulty in preventing the deeply superstitious persons living in remote villages from falling victim to the wily sales-talk of unscrupulous pedlars of "good luck" charms.

They are now promising to keep the "boys" at the Front safe with their amulets, and to cast out war time spells.

Lilian Jones, of Merthyr, has been thriving on the racket for years, and she received money and valuables from two victims who thought she could break an "evil power" spell in their home.

Everybody believed that Jack Abraham Phillips was a man with several millions to his credit, but death revealed the truth

They looked like millionaires, they lived like millionaires and they talked like millionaires but . . .

"BUBBLE" TYCOONS NO MORE

WHEN war started there were 178 millionaires in the whole of the United Kingdom. Yet a cynic remarked that you could see 500 of them any night you liked, in the West End of London.

They looked like millionaires, more like them than the real article. They lived like millionaires.

They would tell you themselves ("although it doesn't do to shout about it, old man") that they *were* millionaires.

And now these "bubble millionaires" cannot even keep up the mere pretence.

Everybody believed Jack Abraham Phillips to be a man worth several millions. His death showed that he had been a hopeless bankrupt for years, and never a wealthy man at any time.

Yet his methods to create all-important confidence were never criminal.

BY pretending to be millionaires, such men have gone on living in luxury for years. Now the war has pricked the "bubble."

The pretenders stand exposed to everybody (even to the women who are usually the last people to guess the truth) as men who could have been proved by accountants at any time to be poorer than street-sweepers.

Accountants say £100 is £100, no more, no less.

Yet every "Bubble Millionaire" knows that it is the £100 thrown about riotously to-day that creates the credit enabling him to throw £200 about riotously to-morrow.

Most people who live by creating the illusion of wealth move in property circles.

They buy options, sometimes on properties worth hundreds of thousands of pounds, and become known in the West End of London as virtual owners of various premises.

That creates confidence in the special circles in which they scintillate. It brings more money.

If they can find mugs enough, they "complete." If not, they try to sell the option at a profit.

SUCH a mode of living is only possible if you have responsible backers who are regarded by banks, insurance companies and others as people of substance.

But finding responsible backers is easy once you enter the magic circle.

The last arrival in that circle was a young clerk who was able to get options on properties worth a quarter of a million, although unable to afford better living premises than a single room in Maida Vale.

He was moving through the West End in a whirlwind of wild expenditure when he came to our notice.

There was nothing criminal in his methods. He was simply spending to create the credit to enable him to go on spending.

Then he crashed with the rest.

It was fairly easy to be a "Bubble Millionaire" until September.

That is why you could always find hundreds of them in the West End, fawned on by head waiters, bowed into magnificent cars, pointed out everywhere as men with "more money than they know what to do with."

And probably each "millionaire" was wondering what new economies he could make at home because playing at millionaires had been rather too expensive that night!

But property slumped when war broke out.

It needed no more than a 2 per cent. fall in values to finish off most of the mock-wealthy people whose operations were based on property. The actual fall was as much as 50 per cent.

Nobody wanted to buy anything of any considerable value. And that finished off the option kings.

Banks started to clear cheques with special alacrity, and one of the tricks of "Bubble Millionaires" depended on a quick-fire exchange of cheques between ten or twelve men, on the principle that if A gives a cheque for £2 to B, and B to C, and so on, one man only need have the £2, but they all get credit for £2 at one time or another.

This system made it possible for groups of men to borrow from the bank without paying interest, in circumstances in which the bank wouldn't lend money as a rule.

Anybody trying it now would be disappointed.

LIFE has certainly changed for the "Bubble Millionaires." It is tea now, instead of champagne, home-made cigarettes instead of cigars, trams instead of fancy coupés.

Many of these ostensible millionaires are now either living on their relatives or cadging from friends in the West End.

You can see the whole story focused on one street of a few big houses in South London regarded as a sort of "Millionaires' Terrace."

To live there was to be spoken of with awe.

Few of the occupants remained after September, and if they tried to get credit now for a half-crown Sunday joint they would be unsuccessful.

"To Let" boards tell of tenants who no longer have the confidence of their backers.

The confidence, suavity and veneer that enabled them to live like millionaires six months ago will not find them a kipper now.

"The Greatest of These"

Please help her father

GOOD food and fires are necessary to a bronchial sufferer, yet James Taylor, an unemployed Glasgow man, who was forced to give up work three years ago because of bronchitis and heart trouble caused by service in the last war, cannot even buy essentials for his wife and daughter.

He must go without.

And not only is he denied those things that are necessary, but also he must suffer terrible anxieties through being pressed by creditors.

Without your help he cannot go on.

Please send a donation to help this troubled ex-Serviceman. He is most deserving.

Donations earmarked "Hard Life" or for our General Fund should be sent JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Donations are acknowledged where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office.

We gratefully acknowledge: R. B. G. (Ardrossan), 10s.; W. B. W. (Weybridge), 2s. 6d.; L. E. G. (Leicester), 2s. 6d.; C. H. W (St. Helens), 1s. 6d

Argue It Out! **By Pallas**

Golden Ways that are Dark

FOR ways that are dark the economic workings of the world to-day have the heathen Chinee beaten to a frazzle.

A vain dictator gives the signal for his troops to invade Poland—and thousands of miles away in the smiling Southern States of the United States people work on in their fields unaware that Hitler's trampling hordes are squeezing out the new grapes of wrath.

Hitler unleashed the forces, not only of material destruction, but also of hidden economic warfare.

The Allies, forced to pay cash in the United States for vital war supplies, cut out luxury spending. They curtailed purchases of tobacco, cotton, fruit.

MILLIONS of sterling usually spread out among thousands of tobacco growers and hundreds of thousands of cotton planters will be concentrated in a few aeroplane factories.

Thus the hand of Hitler—already bloodstained by massacre, pillage and destruction—spreads its blight over homesteads of neutrals in the world's largest democracy.

There are already millions of unemployed in the United States. Yet deep in the Kentucky soil are gold reserves valued at £3,400,000,000.

If the Southern planters feel too harshly the economic pinch of war the whole basis of trade relations between the Allies and America may well be changed.

CASH-AND-CARRY may be scrapped by public demand, and the Allies given credit for supplies of tobacco, cotton and fruit.

The war of economics hits us all. Belligerents and neutrals alike have their food problems. Even neutrals are haunted by the constant uncertainty of what evils may befall them.

America's gold has brought her nothing but worry and argument. She is overspent as a nation, yet is the richest of all nations.

She has the largest number of unemployed in the world, yet the output of her industrial machine is prodigious.

She sets to other races an example in good-scale living, yet millions of her people live in poverty.

SHE stores hoards of sterile gold, metal that would be useless if the rest of the world outlawed gold.

Eventually her gold and the economic upset attendant on its possession may drag her into war.

There seems a rough sort of justice in the paradox, that the most treasured material thing she holds might shatter the most treasured of her dreams—peace.

This economic war envelops us all remorselessly, irrevocably, rich and poor, prince and commoner.

But its ways are cast in darkness, and even the glitter of gold adds only a confusing dazzle.

Men are but ignorant pawns on the gigantic chessboard of financial destiny, stumbling like children along the unlit ways and working always for victory and deliverance.

WITHOUT FEAR OR ... by the EDI...

BRITAIN is rubbing the sleep out of her eyes. She should have been wide awake long before the first guns thundered on the Polish frontier. She should have taken her plunge into the cold bath of facts when the alarm went off at Prague in 1938.

But the people of this country and their leaders have always taken a lot of rousing. They like to linger in the dreamy illusion of comfort and security.

It is a bad habit, but it has often deceived our enemies.

It deceived Germany in this war and the last. Thinking he understood us, Von Ribbentrop told Hitler that Britain would *never* wake to the grim necessities of war. He was scarcely to be blamed, for Heaven knows how obstinately we shut our eyes to the glaring light of Nazi power politics.

Nevertheless, Britain, the sleepy Mother of the World's greatest Empire, is awake at last and will not sleep again until decisive victory has been won.

WITHOUT BOASTING, "JOHN BULL" CAN CLAIM TO HAVE DONE MORE THAN ANY OTHER NEWSPAPER TO ROUSE THE GOVERNMENT TO FULL, WIDE-AWAKE ACTIVITY IN MANY DIRECTIONS.

From the start we realised that this war had to be fought on the economic as well as the military front. We supported the Chancellor in his resolve to meet almost half its gigantic cost out of current revenue.

We backed his savings campaign because we knew that it was not enough to "soak the rich," but that every man and woman above the poverty line must help to pay for the war. More than a hundred millions have been subscribed by small investors since that time. The new War Loan issue offers them further opportunities.

But we were the first to urge that money lent to the country in this way by people of small means should be exempt from the Means Test after the war is over.

The Government was slow to accept this point of view, but now it has promised to safeguard these war savings up to a total which is not yet, but soon should be, specifically guaranteed.

* * *

WE knew that we started the war with great financial and economic advantages, but we also knew that Britain's export trade was the very life-blood of her continued economic strength.

Now, and not a day too soon, we observe with satisfaction that the Overseas Trade Department intends to encourage exports even at the cost of the home public's comfort and convenience.

Mr. Robert S. Hudson announced the other day that "home consumption of many kinds of goods may have to be drastically curtailed so that they can be sold abroad."

"May" is the only word we don't like in that statement. Are we children that our leaders should think it necessary to soothe us with "ifs" and "buts" and "mays" and "mights"?

We tell you bluntly that in the near future you will have to do without lots of things which you have been able to buy freely in the past.

Ulster linen, for instance, is already reserved exclusively for the export market, and other textiles and certain kinds of pottery will soon disappear from the shops for the same reason.

What of it? We must learn to do without such things and like it. The Export Council, in its recent White Paper, simply places "no limit" on the expedients which it will consider to encourage any given export industry.

If subsidies are needed, they will be granted and, meanwhile, all Government Departments have been instructed to supply adequate raw materials for export manufacturing firms.

This Export Council looks likely to become a real council of action. It aims to enable our manufacturers to quote firm prices and deliver their goods on time.

In this connection we should like the increased supplies to be available with much less red tape. Exporting houses are complaining bitterly of business lost because of the time it takes to secure permits and licences.

Sir Andrew Duncan and Mr. Hudson ought to consult our leading business men about these vexatious delays. The country cannot afford them because time, in this connection, is literally money.

★

We shall not be satisfied until all steamers leaving British ports are carrying full cargoes of British goods to old markets — and to new!

★

BRITA... AWA...

And, just as the commercial travellers at home have been granted more reasonable petrol allowances—another of the war time reforms for which we pressed—so our supersalesmen in neutral countries should be allowed more liberal supplies of foreign currency to achieve success abroad.

OBVIOUSLY, THE GOVERNMENT IS GROWINGLY ALIVE TO THE IMPERATIVE NEEDS OF THE EXPORT TRADE, BUT WE SHALL NOT BE SATISFIED UNTIL ALL THE SHIPS THAT LEAVE OUR PORTS ARE CARRYING FULL CARGOES OF BRITISH GOODS TO OLD MARKETS—*AND TO NEW!*

JOHN BULL was the first paper to insist that food prices must be "pegged" before there could be any hope of checking the natural war time tendency to rising wages.

For a little while there was a specious attempt by Government spokesmen to preach "contentment" to the working classes, as though *they* had a special duty to "make do" on pay envelopes of dwindling purchasing power.

We resisted that spurious doctrine at once, and, since then, the Government has announced its "million-a-week" subsidy to control prices, and the appeal to the workers has become an appeal to their reasonable patience—not to any special, and quite inequitable, "sense of duty."

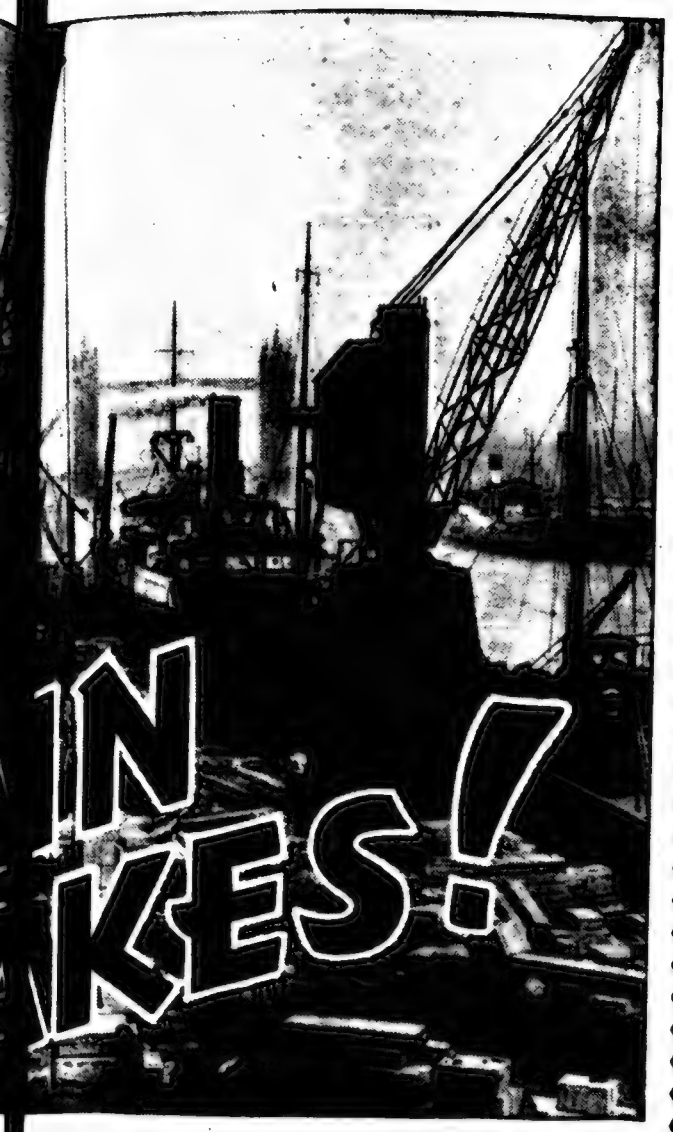
* * *

LONG before the war started, JOHN BULL was championing the cause of the old-age pensioners. We redoubled our efforts when we saw that the old folk had become still harder hit by the increased cost of living.

We claim no triumph here, but the fact remains that the Government, waking up to inexorable fact at last, has been *forced* to make some concessions.

The welfare of the poorest section of the community; the adequate and prompt payment of allowances to the wives and children of Service men—for which we also pressed from the beginning—and the great principle of "equal sacrifice" are essential to the national morale.

And we tell you here and now that Great Britain will never be fully awake to the immense needs of this war until she contrives to find useful work for all her employable unemployed.



IT IS BEYOND OUR COMPREHENSION THAT THE ARMY RECENTLY HAD TO RELEASE 29,000 MEN FOR THREE MONTHS' LEAVE "TO AVOID A DISLOCATION OF VITAL INDUSTRY." WE DO NOT UNDERSTAND HOW ANY MINERS CAN BE IDLE AND ANY PITS CLOSED WHEN THE WORLD NEEDS COAL AND WE ARE TRYING TO DESTROY GERMANY'S EXPORT TRADE.

And yet, in spite of all that still remains to be done, we are profoundly convinced that the Old Country is awake at last.

We do not suggest that she has ever been asleep in the actual theatres of war. We neither ask nor wish for any "speeding up" of action on the Western Front, or in the air, or on the Seven Seas, which the Allied Navies still police so magnificently.

* * *

BUT we note with the greatest satisfaction a new spirit of resolution in our whole conduct of this life and death struggle.

The neutrals — particularly America — began by thinking that this was "a phoney war." They were wrong. There has never been anything "phoney" about it—except, possibly, about some of the neutral protests to the Allies, and here, too, as in the case of Germany's coal shipments to Italy, we are at last resolved to stand pat upon our clear belligerent necessities.

There is but one supreme danger that we may have to face. It is the danger of a "phoney" peace.

Sooner or later, Nazi Germany must also wake to the hard reality of impending defeat.

When that happens and, probably before it happens, Hitler and his infamous gang will do their utmost to save their own skins by cheating us into a shabby compromise.

JOHN BULL **will never cease to warn its readers and the Government against falling into that fatal trap.**

This war has *got* to be fought out to a victorious finish. The Government has no need to "go easy" with the people: it needs only to give them a clear lead and to demand our necessary sacrifices; not to beg for them.

For the whole Empire is awake at last; wide awake, fighting fit; eager for action. And, from now on, we ask of our leaders nothing but the word of command—All together and hell for leather!

Nazi Trickery in Poison-Pen War

LAST week a Londoner received a parcel from a friend in the United States. Inside were three tins of sardines, a pound of peanut butter, chocolate, cheese and syrup. The American really believed the Nazi lie that "Britain was starving."

He was not an ignorant man, living in the backwoods of the Middle West. His home was in the great and cultural city of Philadelphia. He knew Britain well.

Yet he had been misled by months of Nazi propaganda and the absence of any dependable British description of things as they are.

Even American senators share his ignorance judging by their speeches.

You cannot blame them when even foreign journalists in London, clamouring for news at the pearly gates of the Ministry of Information, are given titbits about native customs in Uganda and the opinions of a sheik in Baghdad.

It is not the Ministry's fault if it reminds you of the old lady who tried to sweep back the sea with a broom.

REMEMBER

The fault rests with the Government. On every Cabinet blotting pad should be written this comment by a famous neutral now in London:

"WHEN WILL YOU REALISE THAT HITLER'S PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN HIS SWORD?"

Fantasies spread abroad by Goebbels' expert liars are to us merely subjects for jest or contempt.

To the neutrals they were at first no more than heavy-handed attempts at witticism.

In countries all over the world, months of a sustained barrage of distortion and falsehood are now resulting in doubt of our intentions, fear that we shall be defeated, belief that we are starving.

"Ah, have we not the B.B.C.?" drawls the human ostrich of Whitehall.

To counter the Nazi deceit sweeping through the world like a hurricane there is certainly the B.B.C.

It broadcasts in nineteen languages, not forgetting English. When it soon begins regular bulletins in Finnish and Dutch, it will have the most elaborate foreign broadcasting system ever known.

It answers Goebbels' propaganda, not with pro-British propaganda, but with the plain news.

That is admirable.

Yet in many countries, radio

EVERY BRITISH CABINET MINISTER MUST REMEMBER THAT HITLER'S PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN HIS SWORD

sets are still a luxury rather than a necessity, owned by a small minority rather than the great majority.

Hitler's calculating criminals have always realised that.

For all their use of radio as a weapon of insidious tyranny, they have always depended on the printed word for mass effects.

They know that the printing press provides more lasting messages. They have spared neither money nor effort to circulate their pen-poisoned newspapers throughout Europe, the United States, Asia and Africa.

Editions are regularly printed in sixteen languages and exported in enormous quantities.

German consular agents abroad are responsible for distribution. Any newsagent can get supplies on sale-or-return terms, but returns don't matter. He can pocket all the money he receives from sales.

Even if unsold newspapers are used as wrapping Nazis believe their cause is furthered.

IN ONE BALKAN COUNTRY, THE BRITISH CONSUL SECURED A TOTAL BAN ON ONE NOTORIOUS NAZI LIE-SHEET. WITHIN A FORTNIGHT THE NAZIS WERE SMUGGLING IT BACK. IT MADE EXCELLENT PACKING FOR CHINA INSULATORS EXPORTED FROM GERMANY!

Copies of British journals, sold in a few European capitals, have been intercepted by Nazi agents who have removed centre pages and replaced them by illustrated German supplements.

In hundreds of foreign towns British newspapers, intact or otherwise, are not seen from one year's end to the other.

BIG STEP

Perhaps this fresh blow to our prestige persuaded Sir John Reith to announce, "Steps are being taken to supply every reasonably-sized hotel in Europe with British newspapers."

That is a big step.

But a whole staircase needs climbing.

Not only foreign hotels should be opened to British views. Not only the foreigners speaking English should have the chance of reading the facts.

IF WE WANT TO TALK TO THE FOREIGN MAN IN THE STREET, WE MUST SERVE HIS BOOKSTALLS AND STREET KIOSKS WITH UP-TO-THE-MOMENT BRITISH NEWSPAPERS TO WHICH ARE ATTACHED SUMMARIES IN HIS OWN LANGUAGE.

Such a feat demands planning, bold leadership, and large funds. It is no part of the newspaper industry's responsibility, particularly since transport is now in the hands of officialdom.

It is a task for the Government, even though newspaper proprietors would be sure to offer collaboration.

In no other way can the limited range of the B.B.C. be extended to the neutral masses. In no other way can the shortcomings of the B.B.C., for which again the Government is to blame, be overcome.

A QUESTION

Remember that news of the "Altmark" drama was reported by the B.B.C. hours after it had been known to Germany, Scandinavia, and the United States. Remember the misunderstanding that incident aroused.

Think, how much of that misunderstanding could have been swept away had British newspapers reached neutral countries next day with full accounts of the reasons that provoked the action.

Consider the lack of propaganda pictures in the Near East, where British interests are all-important. Illustrations in our newspapers as taken for granted by us, would give the lie to Goebbels' tales of our "degeneracy."

Think of Sweden, deluged with Nazi propaganda by a big Stockholm organisation, of Norway, where newspapers, pamphlets and even personal letters from German firms are dropped in letter-boxes by Nazi agents.

NO NEED TO IMITATE THOSE METHODS, EVEN THOUGH BRITAIN HAS NEED OF A MORE EFFECTIVE COUNTERBLAST THAN THE PAMPHLET RECENTLY SENT TO SCANDINAVIAN EDITORS BY THE MINISTRY OF INFORMATION.

Bearing the clumsy title of "The Attitude of British Labour to the Russian Attack on Finland," it is so long that no editor could spare time to digest it.

Far better, JOHN BULL believes, for Britain's admirably balanced newspapers to be made available to all foreign lands, as an indispensable supplement to the B.B.C. and the pamphlets strewn over Germany by the R.A.F.

Again we remind the Government of a friendly neutral's question:

"WHEN WILL YOU ENGLISH REALISE THAT HITLER'S PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN HIS SWORD?"

HUMANIST'S PAGE . . .

"My Sister has been Foolish . . ."

> "My sister has been foolish . . . and now I have to choose between her happiness and my own . . . should I make her confess?"

TIME after time I have warned readers against interfering in the affairs of others, but there are times when it is advisable. If you accuse me of being inconsistent in admitting this, I would remind you that a wise American once said that "consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds."

Anyway, I am going to be inconsistent this week.

I am going to advise a woman to interfere in the affairs of her younger sister. She cannot help it. Still, you must listen first to what she has to say.

"My sister is many years younger than myself," writes the woman. "A dear girl, she is inclined to be unstable and foolish. She has been engaged for some time to a fine, steady young man.

"Everything was all right until a couple of months ago, when she started a flirtation with a dissipated neighbour. He is married, but he has been taking my sister about in his car unknown to his wife.

"On more than one occasion she has returned semi-drunk, and I have had to smuggle her to her room without anyone knowing. I have remonstrated with her over and over again, but now it is too late.

"She is full of remorse, and she has begged me not to tell her fiancé. She is determined to go on with the wedding and sees it as a way out of her difficulties. Her husband need never know that the child is not his!

"I am sadly torn. I love this man myself.

"A widow, I am much nearer his age, and I know I could make him far happier.

"Yet she is my sister, and she will have no one to turn to. . . .

"Is she worth the sacrifice when she has been so weak and dishonourable to the man she wants to marry?

"If I let this marriage go through I shall feel almost as wicked as she is. If I let her down, I shall have it on my conscience for the rest of my life.

"I have to choose between my sister's happiness and my own."

READERS will agree that this is a tough problem. There are bound to be differences of opinion about it. My own feeling is that you cannot let a decent young man be cheated.

The girl was probably carried away by passion and behaved foolishly, but this deliberate "plant" against her own future husband is extremely dishonourable.

It is a pity that the elder sister loves the man. Her interference can always be misconstrued into an attempt to capture the man for herself.

She should compel her sister to tell.

If the fiancé still wishes to marry the young sister you can only hope that the girl will make him happy.

If she has any conscience she cannot play this trick on him without feeling a hypocrite for the rest of her life.

A clean confession is necessary.

The elder sister will always feel pangs of regret, yet the whole problem is none of her making. It has been thrust on her, and the real culprit may go free.

*

Several letters have reached me lately about the ingratitude shown to mothers.

"I have been married twenty years," writes one woman reader, "and have a grown-up family, the eldest being nineteen and the youngest ten. I have waited on them hand and foot, thinking it my duty to do so.

"I have never paid for any work being done. I sew, knit, paper the walls without assistance, do my own washing and baking. I'll do anything.

"Yet my husband and family think I never feel tired and that I don't need any little pleasures or kindnesses. The way they speak to me is dreadful.

"The children are even allowed to swear at me.

"I had a breakdown four years ago, another two years ago, and I feel that I am heading for another.

"WHEN I was in hospital, my family visited me only to suit themselves. My eldest boy never came at all.

"I often think of going away and finding work for myself, but I don't like to leave the young ones, yet they treat me just like the rest."

Thousands of mothers have felt like running away from their families, and some of them have done it. But they usually go back.

This woman needs a good, long, restful holiday. If she has a kindly relative who would let her stay with her for a few weeks it would probably solve the problem. The woman is tired out.

She would be appreciated a great deal more if the family was left to "fend for itself."

The husband ought not to countenance the children's swearing at their mother; the woman he made love to years ago and to whom he made such wonderful promises.

ANOTHER letter about ingratitude comes from a reader describing herself as the "old maid of the family." She is an old maid because she felt that someone ought to stay at home with the mother.

She thought it her duty to decline offers of marriage.

The others drifted away, but apparently return only when they want something, money or pieces of furniture.

"Our humble home reminds me of a plundered ship that is no longer good enough to visit," she says. "My mother is too old to work and the struggles of the last few years have left us without a bank balance.

"My grumble is that unless I invite my brothers and sisters with their respective wives, husbands and children to a special feast, they do not come at all.

"They forget that mother has spent her whole life working for them.

"They forget that she has worked the clock round every day for many years for them.

"She just lives to see them again. In her eyes they are all ideal children.

"I am not jealous or unreasonable. I have tried to see both sides. But I feel now that my interest is solely for my aged mother.

"Am I to let my mother go on idealising her children or ought I to let her slowly realise that they have left us high and dry because we have no more to give them?"

A sad letter, written by a disillusioned woman.

She made sacrifices years ago for her mother, far greater sacrifices than any other member of the family, and it is doubtful whether they have ever been appreciated.

I do not advise the writer of the letter to tell her mother. We all have a few illusions about ourselves or other people making life pleasanter.

PLAIN facts are often brutal.

The mother believes that she has a wonderful family. She remembers them as babies and growing children. She lives mainly in the past, recalling humorous or pathetic incidents, acts of kindness a long time past, quaint sayings, amusing episodes.

Why should these happy memories be taken from her and replaced by stark realities that would hurt her?

Let her keep her illusions.

The married sons and daughters may be reproached and scolded as much as they deserve, but the mother must know nothing about it.

"Humanist" devotes this page each week to solving human problems. And he invites you to seek his advice when you are perplexed. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. He pays a guinea for each letter quoted.

ONLY £5.19.6 or by special H.P. terms. (Prices do not apply in Eire.)

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Is your dog STILL a 'plus' dog?

IT'S UP TO YOU. The black-outs mean seriously restricted exercise. War-rationing inevitably brings about an ill-balanced diet. These two factors will lower your dog's condition unless you take immediate steps to keep his blood pure.

Regular conditioning with Bob Martin's Condition Powders will rid your dog's blood of the toxic impurities set up by loss of exercise and faulty feeding. One Bob Martin's once a day will make your dog a 'plus' dog by maintaining a rich, *pure* blood supply. He will be fit, happy and high-spirited. Start conditioning now—such a small price to pay for his invaluable companionship.

Bob Martin's
one a day makes a 'plus' dog

From all chemists and dog-food shops, in packets of 9 powders 6d. and 21 powders 1/-

You can get the energy value of more than a week's Bacon Ration from a 6ᴰ tin of FRY'S COCOA

To make every penny pay its way in real nourishment add Fry's Cocoa to the wartime shopping list. Fry's is FOOD. Rich in energy, it is a valuable protection against under-nourishment. To keep men fit for the job and bring children up strong and healthy, give them Fry's daily. It is delicious with any meal. Get a tin to-day.

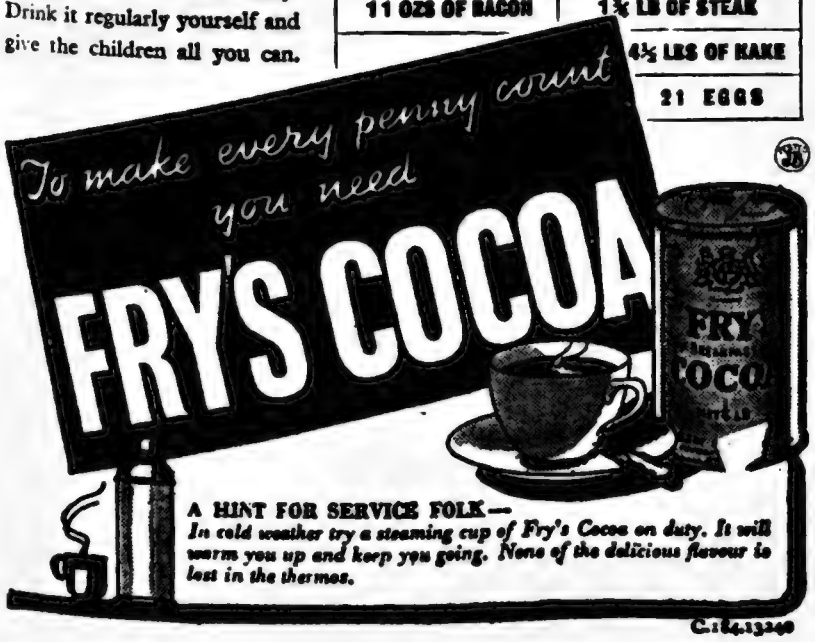
ACTIVE WORKERS NEED 4,000 CALORIES

Everyone is burning up Calories of energy all the time — active workers at the rate of 4,000 a day! Unless their diet contains at least 4,000 Calories to replace these, strength and efficiency suffer. Fry's Cocoa (made in the usual way with milk, sugar and water) provides you with a valuable proportion of the Calories you need daily. Drink it regularly yourself and give the children all you can.

A WARTIME FAMILY BUDGET

This happy family can't have bacon and eggs for breakfast every morning on £3 a week—but they always have plenty of Fry's Cocoa. It is just as satisfying and much more economical — and the price is *still unchanged.*

A 6d. tin of Fry's Cocoa, made in the usual way with milk, sugar and water, gives you the same energy as any of the following :	
11 OZS OF BACON	1¾ LB OF STEAK
	4½ LBS OF KAKE
	21 EGGS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FRY'S COCOA
A HINT FOR SERVICE FOLK—
In cold weather try a steaming cup of Fry's Cocoa on duty. It will warm you up and keep you going. None of the delicious flavour is lost in the thermos.

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Free

A COMPLETE GUIDE TO NOURISHING MEALS FROM PRESENT-DAY SUPPLIES

Here's the book that solves your rationing problems — that answers all the questions that the Stork Cookery Service gets asked every day by hosts of housewives. With this book to help you, and by using Stork for cooking as well as for spreading, you'll have no trouble in providing your family with attractive and nourishing dishes. Send for a copy of the Stork Wartime Cookery Book today — it's Free!

Cut this out and post today

Please send me a copy of your Free Book "The Stork Wartime Cookery Book," which contains REGULO MARKS for all baked dishes.

Name.....

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Fill in your name and address and send this voucher to The Stork Company (Dept. W 205), Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C.4, in an unsealed ½d-stamped envelope.

(PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS)

Important Announcement

In recent months the name of Stork has been on the lips of every housewife in the country. Its wonderful popularity has grown still wider; more and more Stork is wanted everywhere. To meet this enormous demand the manufacturers are working day and night without ceasing. Raw materials are controlled however, and in fairness to everybody all the Stork produced is being evenly distributed throughout the country.

STORK MARGARINE

Wins your favour with its flavour

JBC 5-66-65

FAMOUS men have written

From all ages, from all sources, comes praise of beer. And by beer we mean mild or bitter, ale or stout.

George Borrow wrote :—

" Good ale is the true and proper drink of Englishmen."

A former Food Controller and Home Secretary who has always been in touch with the people, stated recently, in a newspaper article :—

" To men in heavy industries beer is food, and necessary food at that . . .

" To the working man beer is food, drink and recreation. The inn is his club. Often he has no other place where he can meet his friends in comfort."

Come to the inn to-night and stick to beer. Beer is made from good barley-malt and hops. It comes from our own soil. It is the wine of England.

For a people like us — beer is best!

To make this perfectly

you must use BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

Economical Raisin Pudding

8 oz. plain flour ; 4 oz. marg. ; 2 rounded teaspoons Borwick's ; pinch salt ; 4 oz. raisins ; 2 tablespoons golden syrup ; ½ pint milk.

Mix all the dry ingredients. Rub in margarine and add stoned raisins. Then the syrup and milk, beating till smooth. Pour into greased basin, cover with greased paper and boil 2 hours. Serve with white sauce.

SAVES EGGS SAVES FAT

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

The Best in the World

3D/4C

Reader's War Time Story

For obvious reasons "John Bull" cannot divulge the name and address of the War Reserve Police Constable who receives five guineas for this week's true war time reader's story. Send your war time story, based on fact and told in a thousand words, to "John Bull." It may bring you five guineas. Please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

"Betty was crouched in the corner of the juggler's dressing-room . . ."

One Trick Too Many

IN the week before war started, troubles came thick and fast at the theatre where I was stage manager. Having signed on some months earlier as a War Reserve police constable, I was expecting to be called out at any moment. Meanwhile, things were going all wrong at the theatre.

One of the principals in the revue that was playing there twice nightly went down with acute appendicitis, necessitating a hasty reshuffle of the cast and a hasty afternoon rehearsal. Two days later came the row between Cesuna and Betty, his partner.

Despite the Italian name he had assumed for professional purposes, Cesuna was a German, and one of the hottest tempered men it has ever been my misfortune to meet. He might have been an excellent juggler, but as far as women were concerned he was an utter fool, always falling head over heels in love with somebody.

HIS latest flame was a brainless little thing in the chorus of the revue, and Betty, who was not only his partner in the act, but also his fiancée, completely lost her temper when she discovered what was going on.

The first I knew of the row was when an agitated dresser sought me out with the request that I come at once to dressing-room Number Twelve. By the time I arrived it was too late.

Betty was crouched in a corner of the room, her face covered with blood, and at her feet lay one of the long daggers Cesuna used in his act. She had been cut about the face. Having given what first aid I could, I had her rushed to hospital.

THERE was no sign of Cesuna, but the police had to be notified, and after they had taken a statement from Betty in hospital, a warrant was issued for the missing juggler.

When I reached home that night, I found waiting for me orders to report for duty as a War Reserve constable the next day. And in the hectic, tiring week that followed all thoughts of Betty and Cesuna passed from my mind. Eight hours of duty a day, on beat or patrol in all sorts of weather, makes the make-believe world of the theatre seem very remote.

One night five months later I was standing outside the railway station on my beat. It was about seven o'clock, but a moon, more than half full, made the night comparatively light.

I was just reflecting gloomily how slowly time goes when you are on duty when a woman, her face muffled in a woollen shawl, came up to me.

"Officer," she whispered urgently, "do you know that man who has just passed you is a spy?"

I was unable to resist smiling slightly. And she placed her hand on my arm in an impatient gesture.

"OH. I'm not suffering from spy mania," she assured me. And there was something in the cold, bitter way she spoke that suggested she was anything but the usual type of crank all policemen meet from time to time.

"Listen," she went on. "His name is Ernst W——. He is an enemy agent, and to my certain knowledge has been working for Germany for four years. If you don't believe me, go and challenge him . . . ask to see his papers . . . insist on an explanation."

"Are you making a definite charge, madam?" I asked as I produced my notebook and jotted down the information she had given me.

"Yes," she said emphatically.

"But," she went on, "I refuse to give you my name and address."

Seeing the look of doubt on my face, she continued :

"I swear it is the truth. I will wait here till you have challenged him, and then, if I am not right, you can charge me with creating a public mischief. Only hurry before you lose him."

I felt more than a little foolish as I hastened after the tall figure I could still see.

If I was wrong it would need a lot of tact to save making trouble for myself, but there had been something about the woman's earnestness that had impressed me.

Anyway, I decided to take a chance.

As my quarry turned out of the main road into a quiet street of private houses, I quickened my pace till I came alongside

"Excuse me a moment, sir," I said politely. "I have reason to believe that you are an alien."

The man stopped, but kept his head turned away.

"Well, what of it?" he growled.

"May I trouble you to show me your permit, sir?" I said firmly.

"Why should I?" he demanded.

"Because I have reason to believe that your name is Ernst W—— and that you are——"

He wheeled round at that, his face showing fear.

"How did you know?" he demanded. "You aren't in the Special Branch, are you?"

"No," I said. "But a woman has just laid information against you."

He turned to face me fully, and then it was I saw that it was my old friend Cesuna.

FOR one moment I thought he was going to show fight.

Then he seemed to slump, physically and morally.

"There's only one woman who could have done that to me," he muttered. "Did you see her face?"

"No," I told him. "She wore a scarf round it. Perhaps she wanted to hide it. Knife scars can be very disfiguring, you know."

He looked at me intently. And then recognition showed in his eyes.

"Well, I would rather be arrested by you than a stranger," he muttered. "All right, I will not make a fuss. But if it had not been for that woman I might never have been caught."

"If it had not been for the *other* woman, you mean," I thought.

In Your Garden *by Richard Sudell*

Root of All Food

FOR this week's gardening talk, let us wander down to the corner of the vegetable patch that you devote to root crops.

In preparing the seed bed for roots rake the soil well to break hard clods of earth and to unearth stones. Fresh manure ought not to be used, but potash should be applied in the form of sulphate of potash or kainit (one or two ounces to the square yard) and ordinary manure or vegetable matter should be worked into the soil when the land is being dug.

Coal ashes should never be used on vegetable land, because they cause cankering of parsnips and corky scab on potatoes, but ashes from the garden bonfire are excellent for all root crops and can be dusted over the surface after seed sowing.

CARROTS need well-drained soil.

Sow thinly in drills nine inches apart and protect early crops with hand lights or cloches. Use an early maturing variety, with Early Gem and the selected Intermediate to follow. Sowings at monthly intervals are better than sowing all the seeds at once.

PARSNIPS will thrive in almost any soil. They are slow to mature and need more space than carrots (fifteen inches between rows) and the seeds are sown in little groups about nine inches apart in the row.

Where soil is stony, holes three feet deep should be bored with a crowbar and filled with sifted soil. Seeds can then be sown. Land manured for a previous crop is best.

TURNIPS are another valuable crop. If you dislike the flavour of the white turnip, try Orange Jelly or Golden Wonder, and you will be agreeably surprised. Turnips are sown in rows a foot apart and the seedlings are thinned out six inches when large enough to handle. Having excellent flavour, the garden swede is good for keeping through the winter.

BEETROOT should be sown about the end of April. Varieties to order are Early Wonder and Dell's Crimson. They are sown fifteen inches apart between rows, and the seedlings are thinned when large enough to handle six inches apart. Sowings should be delayed in the North until the middle of May.

"it's Afrikander . . the shilling tobacco with a penny change!"

Try some Afrikander and find out what a grand tobacco it is

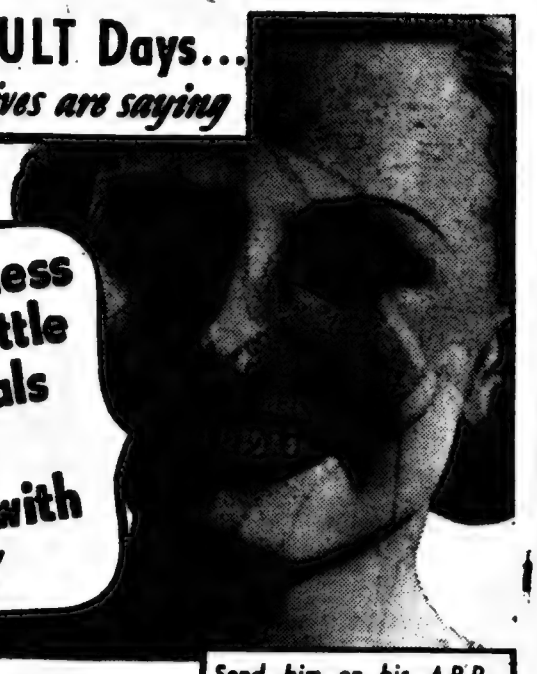
AFRIKANDER

AN **11**D OUNCE

Mixture • Flake *Navy Mild • Shag*

In these DIFFICULT Days...

Thousands of House-wives are saying



"Thank Goodness it costs so little to make meals TWICE as sustaining with WEETABIX"

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Liberally spread with Cream Cheese or Sardine and Tomato, or Egg or Paste—lots of ways of serving, and every way delicious.

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All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

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MASON'S **O.K** SAUCE

at all good grocers

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

"I remember asking her whether she had a boy friend."

Putting his Foot in It!

A soldier victim of German measles and the nurse whose name was Mabel give a new twist to this boy-meets-girl story.

By Will Scott

YES, she was a nice girl (said Corporal Tapper), but something went wrong. I never hear from her now. And I don't like to write. It's what you might call *off*.

Have you ever heard of a place called Redsands? You haven't. Nobody seems to have.

It's only a bit of a place. I hadn't heard of it myself till a few weeks before the war. It's got about half a pier and fifty bathing-huts. They have a band in August. Well, so I'm told. It sounds a bit of a mess, I suppose, but it's not a bad little place really. Population about ten thousand.

I had an idea at one time that I might settle there after the war. But you can forget it. I don't suppose it will see me again. A few weeks before the war. . . . Say, that sounds like two centuries back, doesn't it?

It was July. I was having a hiking holiday all on my own and getting near the end of it. I'd started out on Exmoor and gone anywhere; and now I was through the Cheddar Gorge and somewhere near Shepton Mallet. I remember I was about as tired as a bloke could be, and I stopped at a little wayside pub. for a glass and some bread and cheese.

This pub. was sort of all cubby-holes, and in the one next to mine two men were talking. I couldn't see them. In fact, I never did, so far as I know.

"Yes," one of them was saying, "every morning at ten minutes to eight we'd see Ginger taking old Shrimp out for his walk. There are dogs and dogs, but that's the sort I like. Shrimp went where he was meant to go; in fact, wherever he was dragged. As obedient as they're made."

"You were saying something about being punctual," said the other man.

"Oh, yes," said the first. "Well, as I say, every morning at ten minutes to eight they used to go past our digs. We'd hear 'em on the dot every day, and we'd up and get our towels and ready for the beach before breakfast. Either the man's footsteps or the dog's bark or both. Right on the dot."

"I don't see——," said the other man; but the first one interrupted him.

"When I say on the dot I mean *on* it. Ten minutes to eight. If the clock said quarter-to it was slow. If it said five-to it was fast. We used to test it by the wireless. Ginger taking old Shrimp out for his morning walk was the most punctual thing on earth."

"Where was all this?" said the other man.

"Redsands," said the first.

"Never heard of it," said the other.

"I DON'T suppose you would," said the first. "It's only a little place. Darn good places for kids, though. Well, anyway——"

Then somebody else came in and I stopped listening. And after a bit I went on my way. If anybody had asked me, ten minutes later, the name of the place these men had been talking about, do you think I could have said Redsands?

Never having heard of it, you see, and never expecting to go there. It didn't sound like *my* idea of a holiday by the sea.

Well, I finished up next day at Bath and trained back to London Town, and for three or four months it was Leadenhall Street as usual, with the outbreak of war in between, and just sitting wondering when your class would be called.

It was November when I said good-bye to Leadenhall Street and went. Well, not exactly went. A.S.C., me. They kept us near home for a time, and it was January when we got the word to move. Instructor, me. I had charge of a batch of lorries.

We fell in behind the batch in front and nobody seemed to know where we were going. But about mid-day, when we pulled up for some grub, my pal, who was with me on the lorry, scouted around and managed to find out, and he came back with the news.

"We're going down to the seaside," he said, "A place called Redsands."

"Redsands?" said I. "Oh, yes, I've heard of it."

"That's more than I have," said he. "What sort of a hole is it?"

"Just a hole," said I. "At least, so far as I know. I don't know much about it. Good place for kids, I seem to have heard."

"We look like having fun," said my pal.

It was dark when we got to Redsands, and I must say we weren't very much impressed. It seemed a bit two-by-four. We parked the lorries and were marched off to our billets.

We've got used to things since then, but at the time those billets seemed about the last word anybody could speak.

I shared an empty house with nine more chaps, and was it empty!

Well, we were glad to get out of it till Lights Out, I can tell you, black-out or not. We went for a stroll around to get to know the place a bit, which didn't take a lot of doing. It was mostly High Street and Sea Front, with short streets connecting between.

ABOUT half the shops in the place were doing what they called "sixpenny suppers," and our bunch found their way into one of these. After which things brightened up considerably.

It wasn't half bad, take it from me. You got egg and chips, or you got two sausages and a certain amount of mash, with a cup of something steaming hot, all for the sixpence, with bright lights, a jolly fire and stay as long as you like. We got to know most of these sixpenny supper dives during our stay in Redsands, and they were good.

Well, there you are. That's how we were placed. Busy every day, and sixpenny suppers every evening. It could have been worse, I thought.

It was nobody's idea of a seaside holiday. Pier closed—pretty well everything closed, for that matter—and the depth of winter, too. Still, it wasn't supposed to be a seaside holiday, and since the locals were very good to us we made the best of things.

Nothing else to do!

The days went on, and we expected them to go on just like that until our unit was moved. But do you remember the weather just after Christmas?

Well, first one of our fellows and then another went down with the 'flu, and one morning I got up feeling pretty sorry for myself. I felt sort of red, and when I peeped in the glass I found I looked sort of red, too.

And not only red, but spotty.

WELL, I reported sick, and the old M.O. looked at me and nodded and packed me off to the local Cottage Hospital, quick.

What do you think it was? German measles!

I wasn't the only one, but I was the first, and did I have my leg pulled.

The local Cottage Hospital had been taken over for war purposes and was being run by the V.A.D. And a more sporting lot of girls you couldn't hope to meet anywhere.

(Continued on page 28)

WHY regard it as inevitable that you cannot keep clear of colds in Winter and Spring? A tin of *Potter's Catarrh Pastilles* kept handy in pocket or handbag will act as a powerful antiseptic shield against the "cold bug."

However, should you be unlucky enough to feel "sniffy" at any time, pop a pleasant *Potter's Pastille* in your mouth. It instantly melts the phlegm, clears the head and eases the throat—next morning you are "free"!

It is dangerous to neglect catarrh . . . it may mean trouble later . . . deafness, lowered vitality, loss of smell—and worse. Don't take chances—take *Potter's Catarrh Pastilles*—and arrest that cold.

Buy a tin today, 1/3 any chemist or stores, or 1/4 post free from makers:
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LIXEN the good-natured LAXATIVE

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- gentle + thorough
- best for children, adults + invalids
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LIXEN ELIXIR in bottles at 1/2, 2/- and 3/6.
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IN THE WEEKLY SHOPPING BASKET FOR FOOD VALUE & HEALTH VALUE

1	*Vitamin 'B'* FOR GROWTH
2	*Proteins* FOR BODY-BUILDING
3	*Mineral Salts* FOR NEW TISSUES
4	*Carbo-hydrates* FOR NEW ENERGY
5	*Bran* FOR REGULARITY

All the nourishment needed to sustain Family Health and Fitness is in Shredded Wheat's Five Food Values.

● More than ever today sound nourishment is of paramount importance if the health of every member of the family is to be maintained. This is why you should never forget your daily Shredded Wheat. Rich in the precious goodness of pure harvest wheat, it supplies those essential food elements which will help you to face these war days with strong health reserves. So remember to start each day with a Shredded Wheat breakfast. While it satisfies appetite in the most appealing way, it saves you time, trouble and expense because with hot or cold milk it is ready at once without cooking. Remember to order Shredded Wheat today.

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WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTFORDSHIRE

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"John, you'll have to give me more housekeeping money. Everything's dearer now, and I just can't manage"
"Well, the paper says millions of people like us are saving! Yet we can't even live on our money."
POST OFFICE SAVINGS
"Good morning Mrs Green. Don't tell me you can put anything by these days."
"It's worth saving if you know your money grows. Come shopping and I'll show you how I save"
AT THE GROCERS
"You've got to plan your housekeeping differently in war-time for instance, I buy Bournville Cocoa now. It's the one really nourishing food that hasn't gone up."
"Ay, that's the stuff madam. One cup made with milk's equal to two eggs- and you know what eggs cost now."
"Well, you've surely discovered something that keeps you warm and fills you up and tastes good all at the same time."
"Come on Dad, I'll race you to the bottom of another cup of cocoa."
"Here's the extra housekeeping for you."
"Darling, let's buy a saving certificate with it instead. Now we are getting 28 cups of food out of a quarter pound tin of Bournville Cocoa- and that's saving my housekeeping money."

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WRIGHT'S
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THE SAFE SOAP

HOW I PUT ON POUNDS

This Photo Shows a Typical IRVONA Figure

In a month I had put on 28 lbs. Read this letter. "Until a few months ago I was one of the army of scraggy and weak victims. I dreaded public appearances and grew morose and soured. I tried dieting, exercises, patent foods and specifics, but never a sign of success. After repeated failures I was persuaded to try Irvona and the result was most astounding. In a month I had put on twenty-eight pounds and was transformed from a skinny, underweight weakling to a well-formed being full of energy and vitality." Irvona contains Iron for the Blood, Calcium for the Bones, and Phosphorus for the Brain and Nerves, and conquers that vital deficiency which keeps you nervy, skinny, and weak. Try it to-day under the Money Back offer in every box.

"IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all Chemists. Price 1/3 for one week's supply; 3/- for 3 weeks; 6/- for 6 weeks; or direct, post free on receipt of price, from: IRVONA (Dept. 29F), 1, GREEK ST., LONDON, W.1. *No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy. Distributors: The London and Colonial Export Co., Ltd.*

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Detachable and reversible body length 33in., adjustable back rest, drop front, folding handle. Leathercloth hood & apron. Interior lined leathercloth, loose cushion bed. Mudguards to match body, 10in. wheels. In Black, Navy, Wedgewood Blue, Green, Maroon, Beige, or Grey. 8/- or 8/- monthly. Catalogue Free.

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CONTINUING

Will Scott's Short Story

There was one. Her name was Mabel. Yes. . . .

It wasn't Mabel at first, of course. It was "Nurse." And then it was "Nurse" with her surname tacked on. But in the end it was Mabel.

Mabel. And all right she was. Rather.

I often wonder what she's doing now. . . .

She used to post letters for me, and buy me stamps, and bring things up from my billet for me. And every day she'd bring magazines up for me to read. Well, me and the other chaps.

Still, she used to let me have them first.

You know how you get talking. One afternoon, when I was about four days from being fit again, I remember asking her if she'd got a boy friend.

But she only laughed.

Well, I got better and was given a week's sick leave, but before I left the hospital I managed to get Mabel's address from one of the other nurses.

I spent my week's sick leave at home in London, and when I got back to Redsands there was a rumour round that our unit was going to be moved on almost any day.

I could see I'd got to get a move on in the matter of Mabel.

SO that evening I went into the best chocolate shop in the town and bought the best box of chocolates I'd ever bought for anybody. A terrific affair.

And with this under my arm I set out for the other end of the town, where Mabel lived.

I knocked on the door and it was opened by Mabel's mother—as I found out afterwards. She wanted to know who I was and what I wanted, and when I explained she called Mabel.

"I've brought you something," I told Mabel, giving her the chocolates. "As I said I would."

"But you shouldn't!" said Mabel. And then—— "You'd better come in."

She took me into the sitting-room and introduced me round. There seemed to be a sort of party on or something, with uncles and aunts in odd corners, but I couldn't take it all in at one go.

Mabel introduced me to her parents. The old man was a weed of a poor thing, with a drooping moustache like a waterfall made of wet grass, but Mabel's mother was a more determined affair altogether, who looked as if she meant to know all before I got out of the house.

I remember wondering if, when she was forty, Mabel would be like the old man or her mother.

Her mother asked me if I liked Redsands, and of course I said "Yes!"

She wanted to know if I'd been there before.

"No," I said. "I'd never even heard of it. Well—only once."

"Oh, yes," she said, and waited. And since everybody was looking at me I felt I ought to go on.

"At Shepton Mallet, in Somerset," I explained. "I was there on a walking tour last summer, and I heard two men talking about Redsands at a place where I stopped for a meal. One of them had been here for a holiday."

"Oh, yes," said Mabel's mother.

Still everybody was looking at me, so I just held the fort.

"Funny how little things come back to you for no reason," I said. "I can remember just what that man was saying. No reason why I should, but I can remember it clearly. There was a man called Ginger used to walk a dog called old Shrimp past this man's lodgings at ten-to-eight every morning.

"As punctual as the B.B.C. I don't know if you know him."

Mabel's mother said nothing.

"I remember this man saying there were dogs and dogs," I went on, "and old Shrimp was the sort *he* liked. Said he always went where he was meant to go; in fact, wherever he was dragged. As obedient as they're made, I remember he said. I can't say that's the sort of dog I'd fancy."

I looked at Mabel's mother again, but still she said nothing.

"Funny name for a dog," I added, "Old Shrimp!"

EVERYBODY seemed horribly quiet. I glanced at the old man. His drooping moustache was now stuck out at an angle of whatever it was and his face was a bright red. Mabel's mother was looking daggers. The uncles and aunts were trying not to titter. And Mabel was looking at the floor.

Suddenly the door was banged back and a huge dog was all over me. It licked my hands, it tried to lick my face. Mabel got it by the collar.

"Down, Ginger!" she cried. "Do you hear me? *Ginger*! Down!"

And did I feel pale?

"Well, I shall have to go now," I said. And I went. So did our unit next day. I've never been to Redsands since!

Captain Connolly stood beside the window frame, firing questions at the bewildered victim of the robbery

★ Three Minute Mystery ★

Vanished Plans

"I WAS out of the office only a few minutes, yet the plans had gone by the time I returned," said worried-looking Arthur Roland, junior designer to the N.Z. Aircraft Company, as he stood beside a broken window talking to Captain Connolly, of the Military Intelligence.

"Surely you are supposed to put all important papers in the safe when you leave the office," retorted Connolly.

"That is so. But then I was away for only a few minutes."

Connolly was raking among the broken glass on the floor. Eventually he used his handkerchief to lift two large sections of glass. He handed them to Lieutenant Smythe, his assistant.

"Please have these 'prints' developed," he said. "If you are careful you will find prints on both sides."

He then leaned through the broken window frame to see whether there were any footprints, but the ground outside was too hard to show any impressions. He saw only a few pieces of broken glass.

Roland denied having seen any strangers at his window

"The window cleaner was here ten minutes before I left," he said. "I don't really think you'd call him a stranger.

When the lieutenant returned with the pieces of broken glass, he reported that the prints had been made by the same person.

"I'll have the police check their files and see whether they can identify them," he said.

"That won't be necessary," retorted Connolly. "We need only take the prints of the persons in this building. The plans were stolen by somebody on the inside."

HOW DID HE KNOW?

(See page 34.)

By "Poolex"

I WANT to prove how the experts can help you with your forecasting problems. For my facts I have employed the figures given in the *Daily Herald* pools page every Tuesday, where the opinion of twenty experts is summarised to show the number of votes for 1, x or 2 for every game on the pools lists

On average, 59 per cent. of the games on the coupon result as home wins. This means that we can expect thirty-two "1's" out of a list of 54 games. If you make a haphazard selection of ten games, the chances of picking ten home winners are at least 200 to 1 against.

See how the summary of experts separates the sheep from the goats. Here is my analysis of nearly 700 games showing the number of home votes given by the experts (out of twenty), and the percentage of home winners in each group.

No. of Home Votes.	Percentage of Home Winners.
20.	72.
18 or 19	65
16 or 17	63
14 or 15	66
10 to 13	54
6 to 9	47
1 to 5	40
Nil.	33

Notice the sharp distinction between matches getting 14 or more home votes and those getting fewer than 14. Above this, the forecasting accuracy averages 68 per cent., meaning a selection of 10 games taken from the top four groups has a 50 to 1 chance of being all "1's."

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And being WHITE it does not change the original colour of Floors, Furniture or Linoleum.

COBRA WHITE WAX FLOOR POLISH

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Her teeth are "white lies"

"Such a nice smile" her customers say. "What *pretty* teeth she's got." And all the time there's tartar at the back. That's where tartar forms. Ordinary toothpastes just leave it to collect there. *Only* Solidox can keep teeth free from tartar.

But "Does tartar matter?" you may ask. Of *course* it matters. Tartar collects at the back of the teeth. It harms gums. It leads to troubles that affect both gums and teeth. And remember—tartar forms in *every* mouth, except those that are cleansed regularly with Solidox.

Solidox is the simple and easy answer to tartar. Solidox is the *only* toothpaste that can remove tartar once it has gained a hold. And it does that gently and safely, without harm to sensitive enamel. It's delightful to use, and as for cleaning beautifully—just see your teeth gleam like pearls after using Solidox.

Only *this* time they'll be safe as well as pretty.

Like pearls in front—but oh, the tartar at the back!

The dentist knows too that Solidox, the only toothpaste that contains Ricinosulphate, will move tartar easily, safely! Remember to visit your dentist regularly, and use Solidox. Then you'll be giving your teeth the best care possible.

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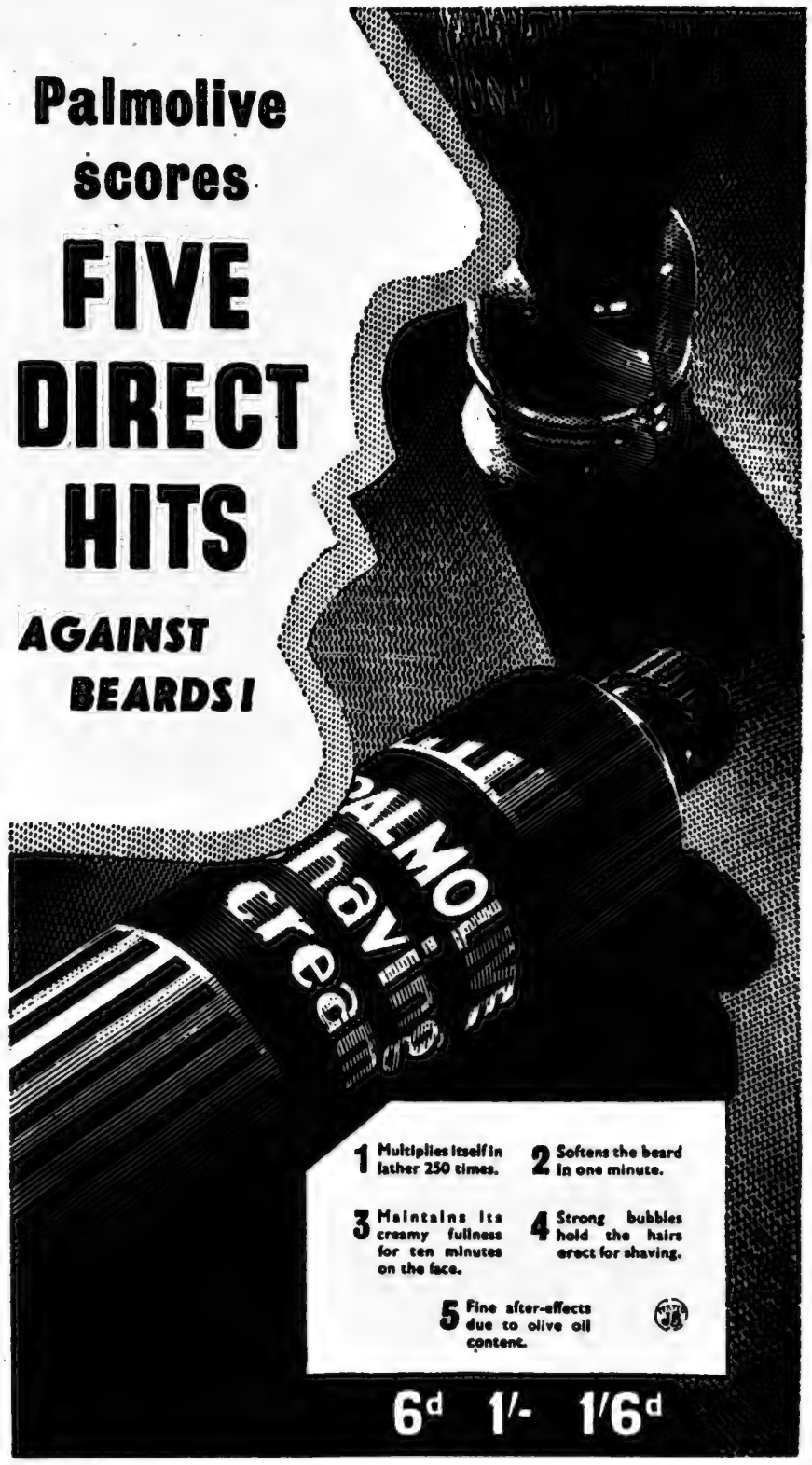

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5 Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

6d 1/- 1/6d

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 25.

SO EASY TO AVOID INDIGESTION

Fully 90 per cent. of stomach sufferers need never endure another twinge of indigestion if they kept the acidity of their stomach within bounds. Doctors agree that the quickest, safest way to alkalize an acid stomach is to take 'Milk of Magnesia' after meals. Thousands of former sufferers have discovered this unfailing way of avoiding indigestion, wind, nausea, sour repeating, and worse gastric troubles. Foods that once tortured them they can now enjoy and digest to their heart's content. If you are subject to indigestion get 'Milk of Magnesia' and take it after your next meal. It makes food agree and eases digestion amazingly. You'll be delighted. Be sure to get 'Milk of Magnesia.' 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

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SOLVES YOUR RATIONING PROBLEMS

Housewives and Cooks—Send for this Complete Guide To-day

EVERY housewife and cook ought to get a copy of "The Stork Wartime Cookery Book," a very valuable and useful reference book which is offered free by the makers of Stork Margarine. You will learn how to solve your rationing problems and how you'll have no trouble in providing your family with attractive and nourishing dishes. You'll find answers to most of the questions which hosts of housewives usually want to know. So send for your free copy of this valuable reference book now by filling in your name and full postal address in the coupon on p. 23 or write mentioning "John Bull" to The Stork Company, Dept. W.205, Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C.4. Apply at once!

The Invisible Regiment

When he was only twenty-four, Captain Henry Landau was plucked from the Royal Field Artillery in France and turned into a master spy overnight to organise an espionage system covering the whole of Belgium, and he planned his operations so well that out of 2,500 spies he lost only seventeen.

MOST adventure-loving men dream at some time of becoming the chief of huge spy organisations overnight. As far as I know, such a thing has actually happened only once.

And it happened to a man who never believed such a thing possible. It happened to Captain Henry Landau.

When he was only twenty-four Landau found himself plucked up from the Royal Field Artillery in France in 1916, transferred to Military Intelligence, and dumped in Rotterdam as chief of the entire Military Section in Holland.

Britain's train-watching system in Belgium and northern France had broken down, and the Military Intelligence decided to send a Dutch-speaking officer to Secret Service headquarters in Rotterdam to organise a system in occupied territory.

Landau had been born in Boer South Africa of an English father, and spoke fluent Dutch.

He had added five or six other languages at Dulwich and at Cambridge.

With their usual flair for getting the best out of a man, the Intelligence Chiefs did not tell Landau *how* he was to go about things. They merely informed him that it was "his duty to mount efficient train-watching posts at all strategic points in Belgium and northern France."

They left him to get on with it.

☆

Train-watching, a branch of espionage invented by British Military Intelligence, consisted of setting a nest of spies to keep a twenty-four-hour watch over every railway junction and important line along which German troops could pass.

Various posts reported twice a week, so that the High Command knew just what the enemy was doing with his troops.

If Post A reported fifty-two train-loads of men as having passed along a line leading away from a certain front, it was obvious that the enemy had withdrawn an entire division.

If Post B reported the arrival of the fifty-two train-loads at another section of the front, the Germans, strengthening that part of their line by a full division, suspected attack.

If Post A reported the arrival of fifty-two train-loads and the departure of a similar number, no attack was contemplated. The old division had merely been relieved by fresh troops.

Troop-trains are always made up differently, according to the type of unit being transported.

With infantry, there will be an officers' coach immediately behind the engine. Then will come from ten to twelve troop coaches; a horse truck, and six flat trucks for carts and baggage.

A cavalry unit will occupy an officers' coach; five or six troop coaches; ten to twelve horse trucks and five or six flat trucks for carts and baggage.

An artillery unit will have one officers' coach; only three troop coaches; seven horse trucks and nine flat trucks for guns, ammunition and limbers.

Once you've had such details crammed into you by the aid of the photographs, drawings and silhouettes, you never forget them

Only a fleeting glance is needed to tell you just what troops are being shifted.

Captain Landau realised that his best chance of establishing the desired posts was to enlist patriotic Belgian refugees, who would be willing to slip back to their native soil.

With the help of de Mestre, the chief of the Counter Espionage service in Holland, he succeeded in locating Emil Moreau, whose father had been a high executive in the Belgian railways.

Moreau produced sixty Flemish railwaymen, who were prepared to watch the Belgian border.

He was able to supply the names of dozens of railwaymen, still living in the occupied territories, who would be only too pleased to mount posts. Landau distributed Moreau's men up and down the border.

Within two days his scouts sent him Henry van Bergen, a smart Belgian lawyer who had just crossed the frontier.

He was willing to co-operate, and after schooling him thoroughly, Captain Landau sent him back to Belgium as M.60 of the English Secret Service.

M.60 proved valuable.

Within a fortnight he had mounted two posts in the vicinity of Louvain.

Within a month he had covered every junction leading out of Brussels.

Landau soon knew every move being made on the Liége-Brussels route, strategically the most important line in Belgium.

Unfortunately, M.60 continued to operate only until the September, when he was shot.

In the months that followed van Bergen's enlistment, Landau's frontier scouts sent him hundreds of "possible" agents. Hardly a batch of refugees arrived without some of the scouts recognising trusted friends who could be enlisted in the Service.

During the two and a half years that Landau acted as chief of the Military Section in Holland he succeeded in "planting" 2,500 spies in Belgium and Northern France.

Continuing
"Aces of the Secret Service"
by Louis C. Mansfield

He guarded against even this by duplicating the posts on important lines.

When the Germans *did* succeed in arresting the members of a group, it did not mean even twenty-four hours' delay in the reports.

In the following months Captain Henry Landau covered every junction and railway line so thoroughly that not one German soldier was shifted in Belgium without his hearing of it within forty-eight hours.

Captain Landau even enlisted a large number of women, including nuns, as privates in the British Army!

ONE of his couriers told him in 1917 that Walthere Dewe, a high official of the former Belgian Government, wanted to start a spy ring.

Dewe had carefully sounded a hundred of his friends, who included university professors, politicians, doctors, lawyers, bank managers and members of the nobility.

Dewe asked Landau to send an emissary to instruct them, but Landau suspected a trap.

He realised that the German Secret Service would do anything to get him on to occupied territory. Yet he knew that such a super-organisation would be almost unbeatable.

(Continued on page 32)

ALTHOUGH the German Secret Service tried, time after time, to introduce their spies into his organisation, he was never once deceived.

He planned his operations so brilliantly that out of the entire 2,500 spies he lost only seventeen.

His predecessor had made the mistake of clearing all spy reports through one channel. When the Germans cut this line of communication by shooting the couriers the whole structure collapsed.

Landau made no such mistake.

The moment a new post was mounted he organised a separate chain of couriers and depots where the reports were deposited to service it.

Since no post interlocked with another, the most damaging blow he could ever sustain was the closing of a single post.

SUFFERERS CAN
BANISH CONSTIPATION OVERNIGHT!
—with wonderful BROOKLAX CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE. It is safe and easy to take—just a piece of delicious chocolate. Highly recommended by doctors and nurses for adults and children, it goes right to the root of the trouble—the intestines—where Constipation actually occurs, and gives gentle, thorough relief. So convinced are we that you, too, will find BROOKLAX a wonderful discovery that we invite you (if you have not tried it before) to do so—at our expense. See coupon below.

BROOKLAX

CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE
British—Sold only by Chemists
2d., 6d. & 1/3

Free SAMPLE
if you have not already tried BROOKLAX
COUPON
To WESTMINSTER LABORATORIES, LTD., 6-12, Palmer Street, London, S.W.1. J.B. 16.3.40
Name.....
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Write in CAPITALS please—1d. stamp, unsealed envelope
BROOKLAX

Give your Smile a good
SPRINGY
CLEANING

with the SPRINGY BRISTLES *of a*
HALEX
TOOTHBRUSH
Three shapes at a shilling
OTHERS 6d. to 2/-
All in the 'Streamline' case
for your HALEXERCISE

John's head gave Joan a shock---

when he came home on leave

HOW THIN YOU'VE GOT ON TOP JOHN!
THINKS CAN'T LET JOHN GO BALD AT HIS AGE. I MUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT
YES IT'S WEARING CLOSE FITTING HATS SO MUCH
MY HUSBAND IS LOSING HIS HAIR- WHAT DO YOU RECOMMEND?
BUT
SILVIKRIN MADAM. HAS GIVEN WONDERFUL RESULTS
I'LL PUT THIS SILVIKRIN IN HIS BAG AND MAKE HIM SWEAR TO USE IT
WHY IT IS GROWING JOHN. I'M SO GLAD WE HEARD OF SILVIKRIN

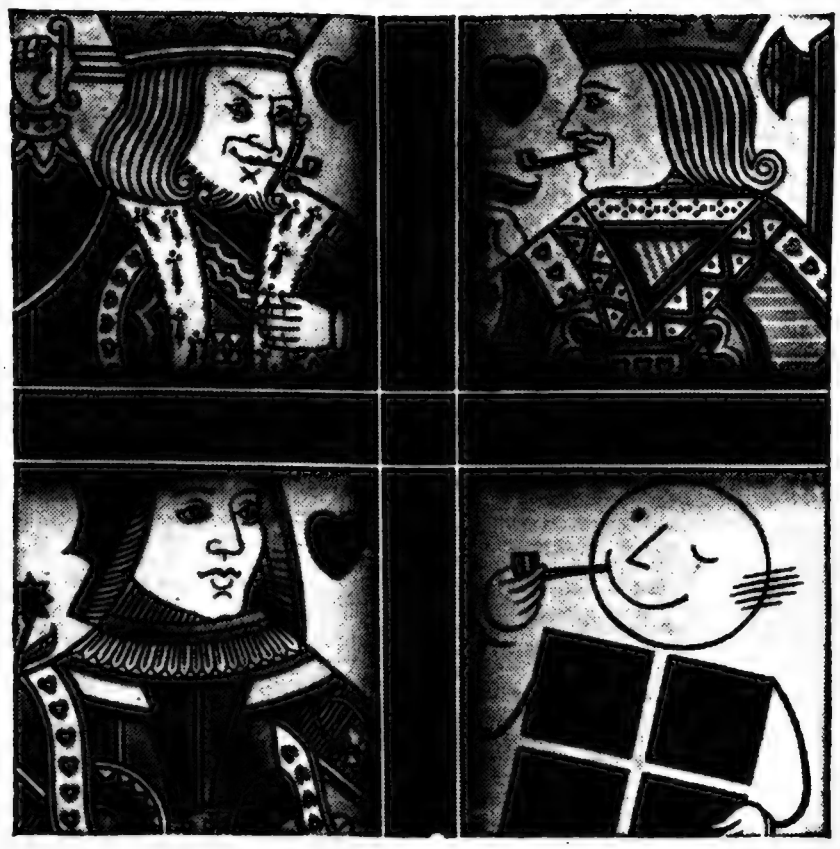
IT has been discovered that there are fourteen separate and distinct organic elements in the natural food the hair must have for its healthy growth. These fourteen elements have actually been prepared and combined in Silvikrin in Nature's exact proportions. When the blood stream fails to feed these elements to the hair roots, dandruff, falling hair and even baldness result, and the only thing to do is to apply Silvikrin—because it contains the missing elements. That is why Silvikrin has been so astonishingly successful in clearing up dandruff, stopping hair falling and actually growing new hair.

L-102-L

Dandruff sufferers usually scratch their heads in public this way to prevent disarranging their hair. Dandruff shows on your head and clothes and is soon followed by dead, splitting, falling hair. Silvikrin does grow hair, free from dandruff.

Silvikrin

DOES GROW HAIR



Said the King of Hearts to the Knave of Hearts,
"Four Square's the blend I favour;
Because, you see, it's entirely free
From Artificial Flavour"

Not a word to the Queen, you notice! Poor dear, it's always the same when menfolk start talking 'tobacco'. Still, men are like that. And so long as their discussions end up (as they always do) with the King offering the Knave a fill of Four Square, what's the odds? You'll never find a trace of artificial flavouring in any of the 8 Four Square blends . . . they're much too good to need it! In sealed vacuum tins from 1/1½ to 1/6.

FOUR SQUARE

PURE TOBACCO—NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVOURING

FOR 'MIXTURE' SMOKERS		FOR 'VIRGINIA' SMOKERS	
Mixture (Green)	1/1½d oz	Cut Cake (Yellow)	1/2d oz
Curlies (Purple)	1/1½d oz	Ripe Brown (Brown)	1/2d oz
Mixture—Original (Blue)	1/5½d oz	Matured Virginia—Original (Red)	1/6d oz
„ —Medium Light (Blue)	1/5½d oz	„ Virginia—Ready-Rubbed (Red)	1/6d oz

FOUR SQUARE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES: Standard size (Plain or cork-tipped): 20 for 1/2d

TOBACCO FOR THE TROOPS

DUTY FREE TOBACCO & CIGARETTES for the B.E.F., FRANCE. Parcels from 2/9. Ask your tobacconist for details or write to:—George Dobie & Son, Ltd., Paisley, Scotland

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM
GOUT, ARTHRITIS, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURITIS, Swollen Joints and Kindred Ills
COMPLETELY and FINALLY ENDED by

CURICONES

Supplied by request to 6,850 Doctors
(Figures certified by Chartered Accountants)

"CURICONES" are sold by all Chemists. But send now for FREE TRIAL and 32 page explanatory booklet of this great remedy. Send a p.c. with your name, address and comment to Dept. J.B.4, Stephen Matthews & Co. Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists and Druggists, 19-21, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4. DO IT NOW—and so take the first step in curing your Rheumatic affliction.

Women who value HEALTH and LOOKS!

Send for this Free Book.

IF you suffer from headaches, lack of appetite, feel tired and listless, and have periodic attacks of nerves, pain and general weakness, you need IRON—and the simplest, pleasantest, way to give yourself iron is to take IRON "Jelloids"! Learn how iron, in an assimilable form, will restore you to health and bloom! Fill in the Coupon in the Iron Jelloids announcement on p. 33 for an informative free book, "*Iron Starvation, the Thief of Health and Strength.*" Send for this interesting book to-day!

JOHN BULL'S AMAZING PEN OFFER *to every reader*

CASH THE COUPONS

Don't miss this magnificent opportunity—this superb pen can be yours by return. Send now!

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, fitted pocket clip. GUARANTEED 3 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and will be accepted in pen, payment each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 2/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance.

DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/- EXTRA, incl. Clip
State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.

Address—"JOHN BULL," PEN DEPARTMENT, 134-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

VALUE 3d

Voice of the People

WOMEN gave away white feathers in the last war. Women most roundly condemn conscientious objectors this time. Yet an enormous percentage of these women, including many who are going into details about the duty of man, refuse to even inconvenience themselves in national interests.

I know because I have been trying to persuade women in this district to do some knitting for the three Services.

I tackled six mothers with sons in the Army who have all received free parcels of woollies from the Women's Voluntary Aid Movement.

"Why should I work for anybody for nothing?" said each mother in so many words.

Conscientious objectors are pilloried in the newspapers. But newspapers could not get sufficient paper to pillory all the women who dodge their duty.—Mrs. J. A. Easington, County Durham.

They Are Human!

I WON'T hear a word against income tax collectors. Having joined the Auxiliary Fire Service, I explained the difficulties in the way of paying the tax due at the beginning of the war.

I received a letter back explaining in detail that the tax due was more than £10 less than I thought.

Readers who are doing home service work might with advantage notify income tax authorities. There may be a pleasant surprise for them, too.—A. H., Edith Road, S.W.10.

A Territorial who wrote telling his income tax collector he was in the Army received by return the gift of a dart-board. Believe it or not!

Schools Help Troops

TROOPS want knitted comforts, and the country is short of wool. Yet hundreds of thousands of school-children are making useless scraps of knitting when they might be using their needles to some advantage.

Nine-year-olds could make scarves in plain knit, and the bigger children could undertake mittens and even socks.

There might be mistakes here and there, but soldiers, sailors and airmen want these things to wear, not to sell.—Mrs. Renee D'Arcy, Cooper Street, Bacup.

This is being done in some schools.

Bully Them All!

I APPLIED for an allotment to help the "Dig for Victory" campaign. I bought a greenhouse and heater, spent all my leisure building the house and scouring for cheap fuel, bought seeds in great variety. And I have been rewarded for the labour that began as early as six in the morning by having a fine array of healthy young plants.

Now I may as well throw them away. I can get only the *promise* of an allotment, so far away that it will be useless.—T. H. A. Brown, Birmingham Street, Stourbridge, Worcester.

Readers in this position should bully local authorities. Find land, ask them what about it, find other men wanting allotments, persuade them to join in the chorus.

The Ministry of Agriculture will be behind you. Bullying is an act of high patriotism if it yields food.

Germany's Youth

A DOCTOR examining recruits for the Army tells me that boys born just after the last war were of excellent physique, but those born during the war are both physically and mentally inferior.

The difference is accounted for by the "scientific rationing" of the last war.

I form two conclusions; that the less "ersatz" foodstuffs we have the better for our youngsters, and that German soldiers, born in a country where the food shortage was ten times worse than here, must be a pretty poor lot.—J. P., Tottenham Court Road, London.

Eminent German doctors have many times admitted that German youths lack stamina. Hitler started his open-air movements to remedy this.

Seaside Holidays

I WAS dismayed at the JOHN BULL letter suggesting that people should spend their holidays on farms.

What has the seaside done wrong?

Last season was ruinous for hundreds of thousands depending on seaside visitors. Rates have gone on throughout this terrible winter. If holiday-makers desert the seaside this summer, results will be disastrous.—Mrs. F. O. S., Walton Road, Walton-on-Naze.

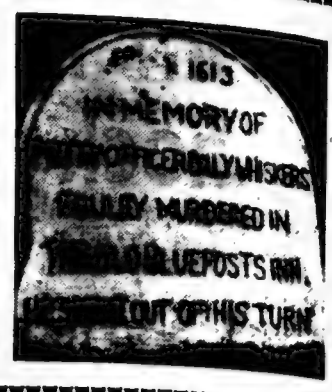
Take your children to the sea this summer. An epidemic of drowning fatalities between 1920 and 1930 was said to be due to children not seeing the sea between 1914 and 1918. They were afraid of sea water.

Spoke Out of Turn

"DON'T Gossip" always was good advice in war time. It was a pity Billy Whiskers, R.N., whose tombstone has been unearthed at Portsmouth, didn't realise it.

He came ashore after taking part in a naval victory, booked a room at the Old Blue Post Inn to celebrate coming through unscathed, told the people in the bar how much prize-money he had won, and was found murdered in his bed that night. The prize-money had gone.

"He spoke out of his turn," says the tombstone. See you don't.—Norman Wymer, Appleacre, Ashacre Lane, Worthing.



"My Son was a hopeless cripple"

RHEUMATISM

"My son was given up as incurable, described as a hopeless cripple. Now he is the picture of health, and a well-known Rugby football player."

Mrs. J. P.'s son writes:—*"I have recommended De Witts Pills for years for the benefit I have received after being given up as incurable."*

To end rheumatism you must strengthen the kidneys and enable them to clear the system of poisons and impurities. Because De Witts Pills act directly on the kidneys you have proof, within 24 hours, they have reached the kidneys. Speedy relief from pain is followed by increasing benefit as De Witts Pills free your system of rheumatism poisons.

DE WITTS PILLS (Brand Kidney and Bladder)

end the pain of Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists, prices 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

—— Continuing Spy Story from page 30 ——

So he went to see Walthere Dewe himself.

A few minutes' conversation convinced him of Dewe's sincerity.

"There is one condition our members insist on imposing," he said after describing his organisation to Landau. "They insist on being enlisted as soldiers in the English Army and wish to be organised as a separate battalion. We operate as soldiers or we don't operate at all!"

Dewe's organisation was composed entirely of Belgians, and nearly half of them were women, and Landau knew it would take him months and months to cut through official red-tape.

STILL, he wasn't going to see such a brilliant chance slip through his fingers.

"Right," he said. "You will be appointed Colonel and Professor Chauvin will be commissioned as Major. He will be your adjutant.

"It will be your duty to enlist as many people as possible and to work along the lines I have indicated as well as carrying out any further orders I send from time to time.

"All members will receive the Army rates of pay according to rank.

"Any members who are executed will be treated as soldiers lost in battle. Their dependants will receive the standard rate of pension.

"I shall send you a supply of identification discs. You will issue one to each person you enlist. That person will bury his disc, and will dig it up again only when he is ordered."

Landau had not the slightest idea of how he was to make good all his promises.

He decided to leave any bothersome points until after the war.

Colonel Dewe and Major Chauvin called their battalion "The Battalion of the White Lady," after the old legend saying the appearance of the White Lady spells disaster to the Hohenzollerns.

Dividing Belgium up into four areas, they appointed a Company Commander in charge of each.

Each company was further divided into four platoons, and each platoon into four sections.

Numbers 1, 2 and 3 platoons of each company manned the hundreds of train-watching posts.

No. 4 Platoon was concerned with the collection and transmission of reports.

Each company headquarters boasted a cipher officer, a recruiting sergeant and a special flying squad.

Within a few months the "White Lady" grew into a regiment of three battalions, which at Army rates of pay cost Captain Landau about £10,000 a month.

It had "soldiers" in all walks of life, even in the convents and the monasteries.

It was Corporal Rose Lebrun, known to her order as Sister Marie-Melanie, who first informed Captain Landau of the exact point where the great German offensive of March, 1918, was to fall.

A wounded German officer, one of Prince Eitel Frederich's staff, told her it was to be delivered in the Albert Sector.

Although the "White Lady" operated to the Armistice, it lost only two soldiers—Anthony and Louis Collard.

CAPTAIN LANDAU was able to make good his promises.

The Army Council agreed to treat the members of the "White Lady" as soldiers of the Crown.

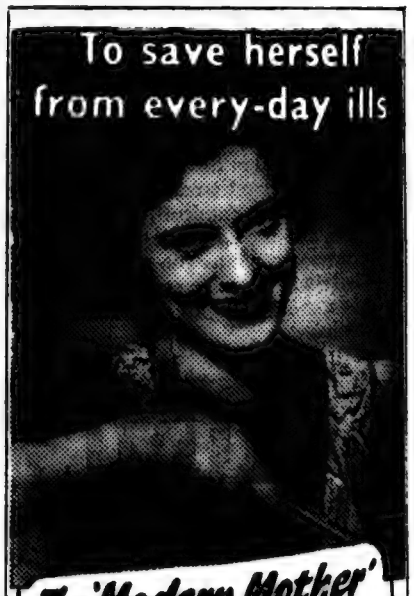
The Collard families are still in receipt of English pensions. So are the dependants of other soldiers of the "White Lady" whose services brought on disabling illnesses.

Incidentally, the "White Lady" has a record never equalled by any other regiment of the British Army.

For two years it qualified for nearly 1,000 decorations and rewards, all of which were distributed in 1919.

Captain Henry Landau will go down to history as one of the greatest master spies.

To save herself from every-day ills

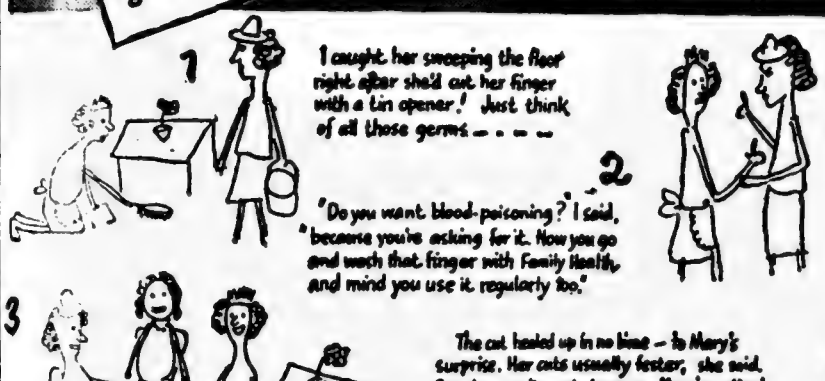


The 'Modern Mother' takes Beechams Pills

Mothers take Beechams Pills to avoid constipation, and so to keep slim, active and never over-tired. Beechams Pills are gentle, natural, effective and reliable. They are purely vegetable. Obtainable everywhere. Get some for yourself, today.

Worth a Guinea a Box

"The way some people take risks with their health! Now we use Family Health Soap regularly—and if there's any germs about we're completely protected," *says Mrs. Healthy*


1
I caught her sweeping the floor right after she'd cut her finger with a tin opener! Just think of all those germs — — —
2
"Do you want blood-poisoning?" I said, "because you're asking for it. Now you go and wash that finger with Family Health, and mind you use it regularly too."

The cut healed up in no time — to Mary's surprise. Her cuts usually fester, she said. But they won't again because Mary's realized now what a valuable health protection Family Health is.

Mrs. Healthy knows that Family Health Soap is the best protection you can have against dirt infection. Use it regularly — you'll know you're safe against dirt-bred germs then.

THE FAMOUS HEALTH SOAP IN A NEW HYGIENIC WRAPPER— *EVERY WASH A SURE PROTECTION*

KH 49-C90-65

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810

Do you know?

Yes? or No?

IS IT TRUE

Iron-starvation is woman's worst enemy?

Yes, it is true. From fifteen to fifty, not only does a woman 'waste' iron, but most women eat insufficient iron-containing foods and are prone to a form of indigestion which limits their power to absorb iron from their food. Iron-starvation results in anæmia and many other ailments to which women are subject. Iron-strength is essential not only to health but to beauty. *That is why all women are urged to take a short course of* IRON 'JELLOIDS' *now and then.*

Are YOU Iron-starved?

Is your skin sallow? Is your hair dull and lifeless? Are your lips pale? Do you feel listless, tired? Do you catch cold easily? Is your appetite poor, your digestion weak? Are you nervous and irritable?

These are all symptoms of Iron-starvation, and there is only one remedy. That is IRON! The simplest, pleasantest way to give yourself the iron you are starving for is to take IRON 'JELLOIDS' three times a day at meal-times.

After a few weeks on IRON 'JELLOIDS' you'll be amazed at the difference, not only in your health, but in your appearance. IRON 'JELLOIDS' will strengthen your nerves, increase your vitality, improve your looks. You'll eat well, sleep well, enjoy your play and make light of your work.

IRON 'JELLOIDS' are sold by all chemists and stores. The 1/3 size lasts 10 days, the 3/- size 36 days.

Iron Jelloids

For WOMEN: No. 2 For MEN: No. 2A (containing quinine) For CHILDREN: No. 1

fortify you with IRON-strength to overcome **Weakness—Exhausted Nerves—Lack of Energy—Liability to Colds—Breathlessness—Palpitation—Poor Appetite Weak Digestion—Headaches—Pallor Falling Hair—Pimples—Brittle Nails**

The word 'Jelloids' is registered. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

COUPON for FREE BOOK

To The Iron Jelloid Co., Ltd., (Dept. J95), Watford, Herts.

Please send me your new free booklet "IRON-STARVATION, the Thief of Health and Strength."

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Post unsealed under ½d. stamp. Use BLOCK letters. J.B.10/3/40

P.S.

Don't forget to look into John Bull's Shop Window— you always find bargains there.

See page 4.

CATARRH & HEAD COLDS

Warm penetrating smoke from the very first Doctor Blosser Medical Cigarette helps loosen nasal congestion . . . relieves that terrible stopped-up feeling in the head. **Prove it yourself.** Ask any chemist for a 1/6 package of standard strength or extra strong . . . Or write for

FREE Sample Cigarettes

DR. BLOSSER LTD. (Dept. 121 W.T.) TEMPLE CHAMBERS, TEMPLE Ave., E.C.4
Send me Free Sample Cigarettes

Name .....

Address .....

.....

DR. BLOSSER'S MEDICAL CIGARETTES

Why bother about the Bacon Ration?

Try this New Idea!

HERE'S an opportunity which will solve your breakfast problems. Far more sustaining than bacon is Weetabix, the breakfast food which contains sun-ripened wheat with all its vital body-building elements intact. Serve Weetabix for breakfast with hot or cold milk. You can save on your butter ration, too, by eating Weetabix with marmalade, jam, honey, paste, cheese, etc.

Accept this Free Offer!

Every JOHN BULL reader is invited to try, taste and enjoy Weetabix. All you have to do is to write, mentioning JOHN BULL, to Weetabix, Ltd., Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, nr. Kettering, Northants, enclosing 1½d. stamp and a generous sample will be sent to you—FREE. This offer appears in the announcement on page 15. Accept it now, while you think of it!

Polly put the Kettle on and we'll have no more CONSTIPATION

Taken last thing at night, **CLOISTER HERBAL TEA** is Nature's remedy for constipation. Cloister is a mixture of 18 different herbs, each of which has its own distinct action on stomach, intestines, liver and kidneys. Cloister dispels those black-out blues and brings back bounding health and pep. All chemists, 6d. and 1/6.

"His noble head, flashing eyes, leonine mane and impressive moustaches combine to give him the appearance of an actor."

Adonis is "Out" for 48 Hours!

Two fine champions competed for recognition among the "Giants of the Ring" when Adonis John Heenan was blinded and Tom Sayers had an arm broken in their title fight says

A. W. HELLIWELL

JOHN HEENAN cocked a speculative eye at the coin spinning silver-bright in the early morning sunshine.

"Heads," he called gruffly.

Seeing that his guess was correct as the crown rolled to rest, he nodded towards the far side of the roped square pitched on the springy, fresh green turf of Farnborough Common.

"I'll take that corner," he said. And he turned his back, leaving Tom Sayers, of Brighton, champion of all England, to take his seat with the rising sun glaring into his eyes.

A murmur ran through the crowd packed around the ropes.

That was a shrewd move. Not a man missed its significance. Before a blow had been struck in this fight to decide who was to be champion of the world, he had gained an advantage.

The Englishman must come up to scratch at the beginning of every round squinting in the sun.

Yet little Tom seemed utterly unconcerned.

He was called the Giant Killer because of the manner in which he had thrashed so many bigger and heavier challengers.

Stripped to the waist, he swung his arms to loosen his muscles, nodding and smiling as he recognised a familiar face.

John Heenan stroked his black moustache, a magnificent affair drooping walrus-fashion down to his square jaw.

No more imposing man had ever tied his colours to the prize-ring stake (or shuffled his boots in the resin of the modern ring, for that matter) than this Yankee Adonis.

There were few to match the good looks or the fighting ability of handsome John Heenan, the Benicia Boy.

His big fists, pickled in vinegar and brine until they could splinter oak planks without showing a mark, could deal murderous blows.

One hundred and ninety pounds of solid bone and muscle, 6 ft. 2 in. in height, and beautifully proportioned, the Benicia Boy made the stoutest heart apprehensive.

HE took his rather odd name from the Californian town where he was employed by a steamship company as an engineer. It was there that he realised the possibilities of his mighty body as a fighting machine.

His battle with Sayers at Farnborough is one of the epics of fight history. Never with gloves or knuckles has there been such a contest.

For nearly two hours and a half these champions battered away at each other until, with one blind and the other with a broken right arm, the fight was stopped.

Heenan and Sayers stepped up to scratch at half-past seven on an April morning in 1860.

An enormous crowd of sportsmen, many of whom had left London soon after midnight, had managed to find their way to the rendezvous despite the secrecy with which arrangements had been made

There he stood, grim and resolute, waiting as Sayers, smaller and lighter but as hard as iron, came dancing out, blinking uneasily in the glare of the sun.

The Yankee hoped to catch Tom while he was still bothered by the light, but the conqueror of the terrible Tipton Slasher was not to be caught napping.

Stepping out of distance, he shook his head in playful reproof, and evading another vicious left, circled craftily until he had his back to the sun.

The handsome American advanced with unruffled calm, but a moment later Sayers had smacked Heenan smartly on the nose.

"First blood to Tom!" yelled the crowd.

Almost twice as fast as his weightier opponent, Sayers was using the same tactics as he had employed against the Slasher, ducking and dodging on nimble feet and using his speed to keep out of trouble.

Heenan was no fool.

Suddenly, wrapping his great arms about Tom, he threw him heavily, dropping his own dead weight full on top of him as he fell.

A lot of Tom's sparkling confidence was knocked out of him by that terrible fall, and he came up to scratch looking pale and shaken. Heenan was after him, lashing at him with both fists until Sayers, taking a smashing left full on the temple, went down like a log.

In the following round he went down, again insensible through a terrific right-hander that lifted him into the air.

Gamblers with money on the Benicia Boy were jubilant.

Yet little Tom was still full of fight.

He proved it in the next few minutes when he drove his left like an Indian club into the American's eye.

Even Heenan's heaviest blows faded into insignificance before this punch.

With his cheek split open and the blood spurting wildly, the Yankee reeled back to his seconds like a drunken man. It seemed impossible that a single blow with a human fist could have done such damage.

Heenan was almost unrecognisable. Even Sayers crossed to his opponent's corner to stare curiously into his battered countenance.

For the next few rounds Sayers had the best of it, but as Heenan shook off the effects of that smashing left, he began to fight back.

A LITTLE later disaster overtook the English champion. He took one of the Benicia Boy's sledge-hammer blows on his right forearm, and for the remainder of the contest it hung useless at his side.

Heenan had struck him so hard that the bone had splintered, but the gallant Sayers fought on, keeping away as much as possible and jabbing at the Yankee's swollen features with his left.

Round after round the fight progressed with Sayers steadily reducing Heenan's face to a pulp

The American knocked him flying every time he landed a solid punch.

Soon it became plain that Heenan was going blind. If the Englishman could only stick it long enough, he would have the big man at his mercy.

Heenan was smashing him to the turf again and again, hurling him down with a force that jarred every bone in his body.

The closing minutes were fought amid scenes of terrific excitement.

A squad of policemen were unsuccessfully trying to battle their way to the ringside in which the champions still slogged and hammered at each other. All round the ropes the backers were coming to blows.

Suddenly the ropes parted under the strain, and the mob surged into the ring. Even this did not stop Sayers and Heenan.

The American, so blind by this time that he once struck a second in mistake for his opponent, and the Englishman fought on in a square of grass no bigger than a table top until at last the police stopped the contest.

Both sides claimed the verdict, but it was eventually decided that each man should be presented with a championship belt.

Heenan was unconscious for forty-eight hours after this amazing mill, yet he challenged Sayers to a return as soon as he had recovered.

The Englishman declined.

That fight on Farnborough Common with the Yankee Adonis was his last.

Mystery Solution

See page 28

BECAUSE the glass on the ground outside and the glass on the floor of the office had fingerprints on each side (even though it had just been cleaned), Connolly realised that someone had smashed the window *from inside the office.*

After breaking the glass, the thief collected the pieces from the ground and arranged them on the floor of the office to make it look as though a stranger had broken in.

H.L.S. says-

You'll enjoy real foot comfort from the moment you put them on

Made in three widths (slim medium and broad) to each half-size, "Wearra" provide an exact foot-fitting for any normal foot.

Very fine footwear too in regard to quality and craftsmanship.

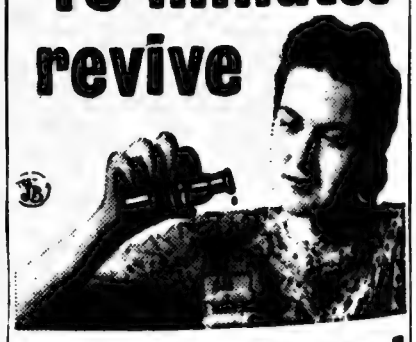
3 styles in tan or black calf.

Wearra MULTIPLE FITTING SHOES FOR MEN

Send a postcard for free illustrated booklet "Footwear since the world began," also name of local stockists, to the manufacturers

JOHN SHORTLAND LTD. (DEPT. J.B.)
Irthlingborough, NORTHAMPTONshire.

In 15 minutes revive your spirits!



10 drops of Phosferine work wonders when you're feeling weak and tired. In fifteen minutes you feel the good effect of a dose of Phosferine—and each succeeding dose will give you strength to carry on. Phosferine puts back what you have taken out of yourself—energy and vitality. Start taking Phosferine to-day.

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-.

From all Chemists, TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

PHOSFERINE Brand

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

—for— Depression, Headache, Indigestion, Brain Fag
—for— Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Influenza, Rheumatism
—for— Sciatica, Anæmia, Debility, Neurasthenia

WARNING. THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

Cleans Best
Lasts Longest
Can't Squash
or Spill

Give your teeth a SHINE with

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

6d and 1/-

Prices U.K. only

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1 GD2028

"What an easy way to CLEAN GRATES!"

AN occasional rub over with Zebo will keep your grates shining all the week round. Zebo brightens the top of oil-stoves, too—keeps them looking clean and cheerful. And Zebo is *economical*—you'll be surprised to find how long a tin will last. That's because the Zebo cap prevents it from drying up—you can use it to the last drop. Why not get a tin of Zebo from your dealer today and give your own grates and stoves a rich, new gloss!

4d., 6d. and 9d. a tin

MODERN HOUSEWIVES ARE USING ZEBO LIQUID GRATE POLISH

RECKITT AND SONS, HULL AND LONDON

Fynnon real-life stories of
RHEUMATISM

'Old Contemptible' swears by Fynnon

Guarantee
We guarantee that the testimonial published here, like every other testimonial we publish, is genuine and unsolicited: the photograph is of Mr. Baker.

Read the comforting words of Mr. Baker, of Hayes, who spent a quarter of a century in the Army, and went through the Great War:—

"Since leaving the Army, I have had frequent spells of muscular rheumatism and lumbago. I tried various treatments but received very little benefit. A friend of mine, an old Navy man, advised me about 12 months ago to try Fynnon Salt. After many costly treatments I felt a bit sceptical, but after taking the salt for about three months I felt better than I have done for many years."

FYNNON SALT—a Spa Cure at home

Thousands have rid themselves of rheumatic pain at famous—and expensive—Spas. And thousands have done it by taking the same wonderful "Salts of the Earth" in a daily glass of Fynnon. **Sodium, Potassium and Lithium** are the healing elements which Nature yields in her mineral springs and these are combined for you in Fynnon Salt.

NEW 6d. TRIAL SIZE

With this new trial size you can test Fynnon Salt for a most trifling outlay.

Fynnon neutralises uric acid and flushes its poisonous deposits from the body so that stiff limbs and pain-racked muscles are free and happy once again. Large tins of Fynnon Salt 1/3.

FYNNON LTD., BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX.

meet
MRS.—er—er . .

WELL, Mrs. Who? What *is* her name? That's just what you want to know. Then you'll know her again. That's the way friendship and good faith are formed.

And it's just the same when you go to buy something. In the grocer's shop; in the ironmonger's stores; at the chemist's; whatever you want you instinctively ask for by *name*.

The good manufacturer sends his article forth into the world *branded*. It reassures you. You can go into any shop anywhere and ask for his branded product—sure that it will be good, sure that it will be value, sure that it will be sold at a fair price.

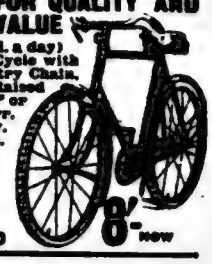
That habit of yours of asking for things by name is a healthy one. Never, never lose it. For it's keeping the best at the top—and the rest where it belongs.

ASK BY NAME FOR BRANDED GOODS

Issued by the Advertising Association

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

8/- per month (or about 3d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Middlemore's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrome Plate, Raised or Drop Handlebars, Ladies' or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. Paid 4/4 18/6 or 8/- monthly. No charges for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear £9 : 3 : 6 Terms: 16/3 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles', & Tandems. Roadsters, Racers, Club Models



8/- now

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

SKIN DISEASES Miraculously Cured by HERBAL TREATMENT

Thousands cured during the last 50 years when other treatments have failed. Eczema, Psoriasis and other Skin troubles banished like magic. Write for FREE BOOK and convincing testimony.

J. ROBINSON & SONS (BRADFORD), LTD., 11, KUKEM HOUSE, BRADFORD.

WIN 25 WEEKLY for LIFE

BIG PENSION 1st PRIZE or JOHN BULL'S X-WORD or £300 CASH

£100 BETWEEN EARLY CORRECT RUNNERS-UP

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS for 2nd RUNNERS-UP + WAR SAVINGS BONUS with EACH

10,000 FREE National SAVINGS STAMPS for CROSSWORDERS

To help your wartime saving, 'John Bull' has secured 10,000 official War Savings Stamps, to be distributed FREE amongst Crossword Prize-winners. Look out for YOUR STAMP BONUS with ANY prize won in this Contest.

ROUND Two in *John Bull's* "Save-and-Win" Campaign—again this week there is a National Savings Stamp Bonus for you *with any prize you win*. And *your* prize may well be that splendid First Prize Pension of 25s. *every week for the rest of your life!*

Imagine the satisfaction of an extra 25s. to spend or save as you wish, arriving from *John Bull* every Saturday this year, next year and every year—and resolve to devote your spare time this week to the entertaining Clues on this page.

YOUR FREE PRIVILEGE. Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over may enclose one 6d. Bullets coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Offer of Cash and Foodstuffs, provided it bears same name and address as Crossword entry. Coupons on page 39.

ACROSS CLUES.

1. May indicate a man's not really as big as he makes out
3. Purchaser should not allow himself to be too readily impressed by
6. It's a bit risky for fat man to sit heavily on
7. Butterflies are caught in these
9. Radio cabinet is usually easier to fit together if the parts are this
13. Material for lining this is an expensive item in some cases
15. Good comedian brings it out when show gets flat
17. Soldier is frequently required to act as
19. 1760 yards
20. Increase in wage is sometimes this
21. Brittle material may well be awkward to

DOWN CLUES.

1. How low some men do this is really astonishing
2. Frozen water
3. Smuggler may have this full of smuggled cloth
4. You'll most likely have to pay more if you take a big one
5. Bullying employer doesn't care if he drives one
8. May clearly describe criminal's punishment
10. If we all got this, peace might come much sooner
11. Many an attack has been made on this in the past
12. Position of workmen on this is apt to be a precarious one
14. Motorist must put on the right one when he changes a wheel
16. Though they've travelled far and wide, some say this is best
18. Metal in casting

SAVE MONEY
BY ACCEPTING FREE GIFT OFFER ON PAGE 39.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

Presented on this page is the 194th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

HUGE ONE-WEEK OFFER NEXT WEEK!

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, April 4. The second prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize and one other prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 194, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

2 BIG CHEQUES and 45 DUCKLINGS

WON IN CROSSWORD No. 191.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 191, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following two competitors:—

Mrs. H. CHAMBERS, 8, Paddock Drive, Marton, Blackpool.
Miss M. RATTRAY, 14, Devonport Place, Millport, Bute.

These competitors share the First Prize of £350, and a cheque for £175 will be sent to each.

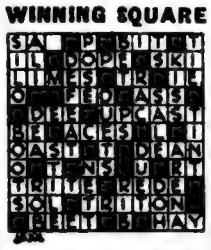
The Award of £150 in Cash and Ducklings to Runners-up has been divided between 45 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive Cash and Duckling to the combined value of £3 6s. 8d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 355 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. SAG or SAW. 3. BIT. 5. DOPE. 8. SKI. 9. LINES. 11. DEE. 14. AGES. 16. DEAN. 18. TRITE. 20. BEET. 21. HAY.
DOWN.—1. SILO. 2. POSE. 4. TIE. 7. KISS. 9. DUETS. 10. SALE. 12. TINT. 13. BOOTS. 15. STILE. 16. DUET. 17. ARENA. 19. RIB.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point SAG and SAW were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

X-WORD AID POST-FREE

BY filling in your name and address both in coupon space AND on Label you will secure a FREE and POST-FREE copy of the "CROSSWORD GAZETTE" containing Adjudication Committee's Findings on this Contest.

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Stamps must be affixed or Postal Order enclosed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number on Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POST-MARK of not later than Saturday, March 23, 1940.

2.—Each entrant may submit any number of squares up to total entry-fee of 4/-.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, April 4. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £300 cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

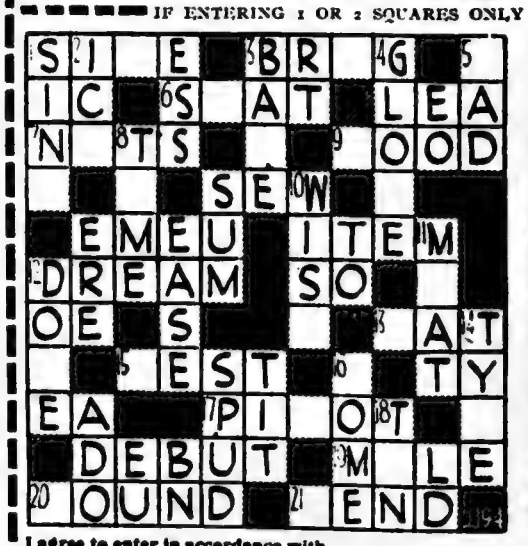
6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 194. Closing Postmark SATURDAY, MARCH 23.

IF ENTERING 1 OR 2 SQUARES ONLY USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions. Affixed are 1½d. stamps at the rate of 3d. entry-fee for each square submitted. (P.O. may be used if preferred—in such case write its number and value below.)

P.O. Value.... No. .....

Name .....

Address .....

REMEMBER ALSO TO ADD YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO THIS "GAZETTE" LABEL.

FOR 1 SQUARE firmly stick TWO 1½d. stamps here	FOR 2 SQUARES firmly stick FOUR 1½d. stamps
FOR 3 SQUARES firmly stick SIX 1½d. stamps	FOR 4 SQUARES firmly stick EIGHT 1½d. stamps (Allowing enclosure of 6d. "Bullets" Coupon FREE)

NAME IN BLOCK LETTERS

.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

.....

.....

.....

s6.....

Mark X in this square if you do not already possess a red Collecting Book for National Savings Stamps. ☐

Doctors say there is no recognized cure for Rheumatism

WHEN you see a doctor about rheumatism (and you're not giving yourself a fair chance if you don't) he will *not* promise that he can cure you. He will prescribe a treatment, and part of that treatment will almost certainly be a saline with plenty of warm water, every day. The question is — which saline?

It is generally agreed that the most effective of all salines is Kruschen salts. Kruschen works this way. You know that rheumatism is caused by accumulations of toxins (poisons, if you like) in your blood, which leave deposits in joints and muscles? These poisons are formed in the colon, and absorbed through the colon walls into the bloodstream. Kruschen performs a double action—it clears the colon of toxic poisons, enabling them to be evacuated in an easy, normal way, and at the same time stimulates a flow of moisture through the liver and kidneys, thus flushing away the poisons in the bloodstream. If you suffer from rheumatism, particularly 'gouty' rheumatism, you will find that a small dose of Kruschen in a glass of warm water, every morning, is the finest form of co-operation you can give your doctor. Ask your chemist for the 1/9 size. That's enough for a first course of treatment. Other sizes cost 1/- and 6d.

Leg Trouble for 16 years

A Confirmed Cripple

16 years of agony! 16 years of horrible discharging! 16 years of awful skin torture "miraculously" ended by Holloways Ointment! Every skin sufferer must read and take heart at this wonderful tribute. "I suffered with a bad leg for 16 years and tried everything for it. I was turned out of hospital incurable—a confirmed cripple. I was advised to try Holloways Ointment and the trouble was completely healed."

Here is another amazing letter :—

Skin Came Off in Large Patches

"My wife was very much afflicted with eczema about the body, and had four large holes in one leg. The skin came off in large patches every day, and the itching was terrible. No relief could be procured. I persuaded her to try Holloways Ointment. In less than a week she was enabled to put her feet to the ground, and before a month expired could wear her shoes and go about as if nothing had been the matter. All our friends consider it marvellous!"

Here is yet another tribute :—

Nasty Sores on Hands and Arm

"I had some very nasty sores on my hands and arm, after a few days the trouble began to spread. A friend, however, recommended me to try Holloways Ointment, which I did, and now I am pleased to tell you I am free of every sore spot and the trouble is healed."

Don't run the risk of neglecting your skin trouble—"hoping it won't spread." Hope won't clear it up—only HEALING will do that. Only instant, soothing, cleansing HOLLOWAY Healing! Holloways Ointment has been famous for over 100 years for SORES, ABSCESSES, ECZEMA, ULCERS, SEPTIC WOUNDS, BURNS, CUTS, BOILS, CARBUNCLES, HÆMORRHOIDS, LEG TROUBLES, etc. It soothes at a touch. It cleanses, purifies and heals.

HOLLOWAYS BRAND OINTMENT is sold everywhere at 3½, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

If you have STOMACH PAIN

NORMALISE YOUR STOMACH ACID

Nature has put a certain quantity of Acid in your stomach to help you to digest your food. But nearly everyone suffers from TOO MUCH ACID IN THE STOMACH, caused by irregular or rushed meals, too much smoking or drinking—or anxiety. This Excess of Acid sets up Indigestion, Flatulence, etc., and frequently a dull nagging pain in your stomach.

Stomach Pain is NATURE'S WARNING

GASTRIC TROUBLE ENDED

"Two years ago I suffered with gastric trouble until I was compelled to give up work for 8 weeks. The agony was unbearable. With hardly any hope left I decided to try Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Since that day I have been able to eat and enjoy anything.
D.W., Camberwell S.E.5

Nature is telling you to get your stomach acid back to normal so that your pain will disappear. To do this, take a dose of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, which normalises excess acid the moment it reaches the stomach. The action is gentle and soothing. As the excess of acid subsides, your Indigestion fades away.

Don't experiment with "double-strong" treatment that might wash away Nature's correct supply of Acid.

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder only deals with the *excess* acid by normalising it for your great and lasting benefit. So get Maclean Brand Stomach Powder (or Tablets); to be quite sure—

LOOK FOR THE SIGNATURE

Alex. C. Maclean on the carton, bottle or tin

Sold in bottles in cartons 1/3, 2/- and 5/- (Powder or Tablets). Also handy Tins of Tablets at 6d., 9d., 1/3.

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder
(POWDER OR TABLETS)

Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

You buy with CONFIDENCE when you buy through "JOHN BULL"

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 25

Teach them — the Odol Smile

There's no finer lesson the kiddies can learn than the daily use of Odol Tooth-paste—creator of the Odol smile. They'll thank you, and Odol, in the years to come for the priceless gift of sound teeth, perfectly preserved. Start them on Odol—*now*.

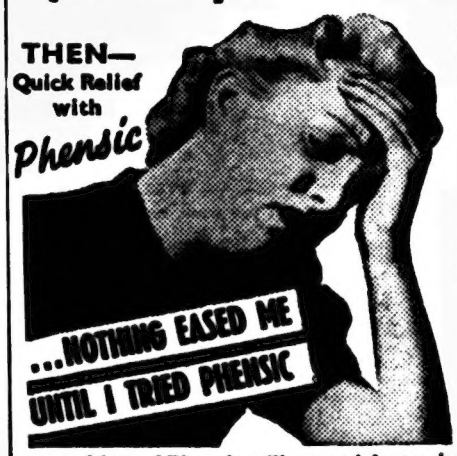
Odol Tooth-paste in tubes, 6d. and 1/- from all chemists or stores.

If you prefer Solid Dentifrice, try Odol Dentifrice, 6d. a large size tin.

Keep the Winning **Odol** *Smile!*

HEAD PAINS for 3 days on end!

THEN— Quick Relief with *Phensic*



2 tablets of Phensic will stop violent pain quickly, will bring sweet sleep when you feel nervy, will soothe away brain-fag, irritability, and dispel a cold or chill overnight. Phensic is so safe that doctors prescribe it for weak heart cases—yet Phensic is the most powerful of painkillers. Get some now: 3d., 6d., 1/3 3/- and 5/- everywhere.

Always Remember Phensic
HEADACHES
NERVE PAINS
RHEUMATISM
COLDS & 'FLU

Phensic
Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' Brand
THE POWERFUL SAFE PAINKILLER

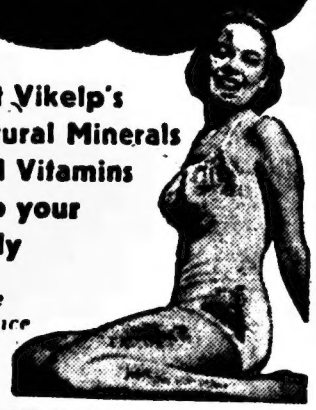
Can't sleep at night?

In these days of worry and overstrain many people complain that they can't sleep. In many cases the trouble is due to nervous dyspepsia. Excess acid forms in your stomach, inflames the delicate lining, and excites the countless nerve centres there. This irritation upsets your entire nervous system, and so you become "nervy" and restless, and are kept awake half the night. Neutralise this excess acid, and your digestion will become normal—you will sleep like a top Take a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia before you go to bed and see what a difference it makes. Excess acid is neutralised in a moment, your stomach is soothed and sweetened, and nervous irritation is impossible. Once more you enjoy deep, refreshing sleep.

Prices: Powder, 1/3 & 2/6. *Tablets*, 6d., 1/3 & 2/6.

You want 'Bisurated' Magnesia

IF 'FLU' HAS LEFT YOU WEAK, RUNDOWN DEPRESSED



Get Vikelp's Natural Minerals and Vitamins into your body

See the difference in 10 days

Why has "Flu" left you weak, run-down, depressed? Simply because your system lacks sufficient Minerals and Food Iodine. Replace these lost elements—remineralising the system—and your trouble is remedied. Thousands have been amazed at this easy, simple way back to health, strength and vitality.

And Vikelp gives you just those essential Minerals. Made from a Pacific Ocean plant—the world's richest source of these life-giving elements—it contains in Natural form IRON, PHOSPHORUS, CALCIUM, SULPHUR—in fact 9 of the 12 essential Minerals, as well as FOOD IODINE. It gives you the Vitamins—particularly an abundance of the important Vitamin B. ALL the things so vital to health and strength—so vital to life itself—come to you in VIKELP.

Start nourishing your system with Vikelp today. Note the unmistakable results. Gradually you build up. Nerves steady. Spirits rise. You become vigorous, vital, alert. New energy, new strength, surge through your whole being. You tackle life anew.

FREE. *Send today for free 50-page booklet "How to Gain New Energy and Strength." Send a postcard to Health Products Laboratories Ltd., Dept. J.B.1, 128-134, Baker Street, London, W.1.*

Vikelp is now available in 2 forms — Small CONCENTRATED tablets to swallow and Large FLAVOURED tablets to eat. Your chemist has both.

VIKELP MINERAL VITAMIN TABLETS

THE LAST LAUGH!

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

SUNDAY MAIL:—"E. C——, a French rope DANGER, became famous for his firework invention, a sensational 'night number.'"

NORTHERN DESPATCH:—"You are not necessarily in a minority if you do not wear a BARGE or have a priority label on your car . . ."

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—" . . . it was stated that defendant pawned one of the MATCHES for 10s."

THE ESSEX CHRONICLE:—" . . . and is not expected to be able to return to the House of Commons for a week or ten days."

REYNOLDS:—" . . on a charge of conspiring with others to SEAL 7,800 sandbags . . ."

FARNWORTH WEEKLY JOURNAL:—"When told he would be sent for trial, R—— applied for BAIT, but his application was refused."

DISTILLER (Scotland).—"If I assured you that whisky will soon be 12s. 6d. again, what would you say?" When?

CAPTAIN C. (Suffolk).—"The more a man gets, the more he wants." What about seven days' C.B.?

R. T. (Nelson).—"I expect when you've finished reading my letter you'll think I'm a bit of a fool." Not a bit.

R. N. (Ely).—"Are you sowing your new potatoes particularly early this year?" Well, not before 6 a.m.

D. N. (Rye).—"I never bother about tailor-made clothes—anything does me." You wear the things you think fit.

D. N. (Chorley Wood).—"A man wearing a suit with a pattern of big checks is almost always a bookmaker." Or he may be a crossword enthusiast.

T. G. (Coulsdon).—"By accident I came across a most illuminating document to-day. It was a revelation to me." Your wife's birth certificate?

MISS E. (Ealing).—"I told him that I was sorry I couldn't accept him. Circumstances over which I had no control prevented me." His?

C. T. (Chesterfield).—"Although the evidence pointed to guilt, the jury I was on decided to acquit the prisoner because of insanity." What, all twelve of you?

M. B. (Luton).—"I used to create new fashions in women's millinery, but the firm suddenly dismissed me last week." Did you make one look too much like a hat?

MINNIE (London, E.).—"My boy friend thinks of nothing but kissing. What can you do with a fellow like that?" Kiss.

J. J. (St. Albans).—"I learnt to swim in a village pond." You should make a reasonably good football referee.

T. S. (Barnet).—"I object to my girl using lipstick." Nevertheless, it may make an impression on others.

L. Y. (Eastchurch).—"What do we ordinary people get for all the money we have to pay in income tax every year?" A receipt.

S. L. (Twyford).—"You can't tell me anything about landladies. I haven't been living in digs for the last ten years for nothing." We bet you haven't.

OBSERVANT (Banbury).—"A woman, I think, changes less than a man after marriage." Well, he hasn't so much left to change, has he?

A. N. (Malvern).—"I find that breathing exercises are essential, so the first thing I do every morning is to open the large window of my bedroom." And throw out your chest?

D. W. (Windsor).—"We see toy cannons and soldiers but no toy ploughs or harrows." A pity. How are flat-dwellers expected to get their window-boxes under cultivation?

D. N. (Epping).—"Rooks are very methodical and always use the same number of twigs for building their nests." But unfortunately they make such a noise counting them.

G. G. (Hanley).—"My brother is always fiddling about with electrical things. Any new gadget in the electrical line and he gets it. He's simply crazy on these sort of things." An electric fan, so to speak?

PTE. F. (Essex).—"I sang at a canteen concert when I was supposed to be on duty and, believe me, there was a terrible row." Well, at least, you are candid about your vocal efforts.

KEN (London, N.).—"I'm a linguist who has mastered many tongues. There's not many left for me to tackle." If you're married, we can tell you one you won't master.

N. L. (Norwich).—"Our troops indulged in snowballing on a French rifle range behind the line." We await Dr. Goebbels' conclusion that the B.E.F. is short of ammunition.

B. V. (Godalming).—"Did you like the poetical effort I sent for your consideration?" That wasn't poetry. It was an escape of gas—something wrong with the meter.

AUTHOR (Stoke Poges).—"I mysteriously lost one of my manuscripts recently and can only assume my two-year-old baby burnt it." But surely the child can't read?

A. D. (Brighton).—"I'm a commercial traveller but I've learned this—when the wife sees you off at the station it doesn't necessarily denote affection." She may be merely making sure that you have gone?

AUCTIONEER (Yalding).—"Some idiot of a practical joker burst a paper bag just behind me at the sale." But perhaps you had asked someone to give you a start?

B. L. (Watchet).—"What is there for a girl to look forward to now that all the eligible young men are in the Services?" Ten days' leave.

PARACHUTIST (Hendon).—"I made a delayed drop yesterday and finished up by landing in a strawberry field." What a pity you couldn't have delayed it until the middle of June.

S. R. (Byfleet).—"I'm a singer, my sister is a singer, and so is my brother. Singers run in our family." Phew! You must all be pretty bad at it.

Race with "Silver Ring"

PERFORMANCE of seven-year-old Bogskar in winning the National Trial 'Chase was good, and I give him a place in my small list of Grand National "possibles."

Throughout the Gatwick test he jumped without fault, and he was always well placed.

There is a prejudice against seven-year-olds for the National test, but I don't know why. A 'chaser of that age should be fully matured and as strong as he ever will be.

In post-war years. Troytown, Gregalach, Forbra, Kellsboro' Jack and Golden Miller gained National triumphs at seven years old, and they represent the highest types of winners.

The Gatwick race convinced me that I must discard Royal Mail. The eleven-year-old gave me the definite impression that he is past his best. He still looks well and jumps as cleverly as a cat, but with increasing years he is, I greatly fear, losing his stamina. Nor was I impressed with Symaethis at Gatwick, though the mare has been most genuinely backed by the shrewdest people to win the National. So has The Professor II, Venturesome Knight, and Old Pal.

For the Lincoln, the best money to date—and never mind what the call-over says—has been for Wonersh and Boomps-a-Daisy.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, March 14, to Wednesday, March 20.

X	Z	Q	C	93	B	94	M	S	R	P	O	98	T	F	U
97	L	H	J	I	95	E	D	K	V	W	A	N	96	G	Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

J9396OM94Z would read CITADEL.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. C93Z293W would read FILLIP.

Something That Everyone Should Know About

PILES

Dear Sirs: I must express my sincere gratitude for your wonderful *Germoloids*. I have had this wretched trouble for about three years, and I was really desperate. The relief which *Germoloids* has given to me—both mentally and physically—is indescribable. It is something that everyone should know about. G.M.G., Manchester. *Germoloids* end the agony and danger of PILES quickly; they soothe, heal and prevent recurrence. Get a box NOW and Get Relief TONIGHT!

Germoloids

From Chemists, 1/3 per box

FINE NEW Cash-plus-Foodstuffs PRIZES for "Bullets"!

£200 CASH PLUS

2-in-1 2nd PRIZE £20 CASH PLUS

2nd PRIZE £10 CASH PLUS

4TH PRIZE £5 | 5TH PRIZE £4 | 6TH PRIZE £3

10 of £2-10 | 25 of £1 0/- | 200 SURPRISE AWARDS VALUE 5/-

2,000 OTHER PRIZES

FRESH FRUIT and VEGETABLE SUPPLIES THROUGHOUT 1940

Every home needs this new prize of a FORTNIGHTLY HAMPER of fresh fruit and vegetables for a family throughout 1940. As seasons come round, your Fortnightly Hamper from specially appointed Fruiterers and Market Gardeners will include:—

Apples—Bananas—Grapes—Oranges—Pears—Gooseberries—Rhubarb—Strawberries—Raspberries—Cherries—Greengages—Plums—Currants—Asparagus—Beetroot—Cauliflower—Spring Greens—Lettuce—Onions—Radishes—Spinach—Cucumbers—Sprouts—Celery—Peas—Mushrooms—Tomatoes—New Potatoes—Runner Beans.

THIS WAY TO WIN YOUR 2-in-1 PRIZE!

WHO wants a golden *Joy* Wire on Friday, April 5, bringing JOHN BULL's congratulations on winning £200 plus a fortnightly Hamper of fresh Fruit and Vegetables for a family throughout 1940?

It can be *you* if you enter for this novel big *Bullets* Cash-plus-Foodstuffs Offer—and remember, the Second and Third Prize-winners are also to receive with cheque one of these practical new war time awards, in addition to which there are many further cheques for good *Bullets* amongst the thousands of other prizes which must also be won in this Contest.

Continuing our great new "Help-Win-the-War" Campaign, each of the 2,241 prizes in this Contest will be augmented by a National War Savings Bonus. And in addition to these Bonuses accompanying prizes, unlimited Savings Stamps are offered free to competitors who avail themselves of the Gift Coupon below for Prepaid Entry Voucher purchasers. **To make a *Bullet*, simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below.** Let the chief winning efforts in our 1,209th Contest, published below, be your guide to success—and see that your entry is postmarked on or before Saturday, March 23.

10,000 NATIONAL SAVINGS STAMPS FREE for "BULLETEERS"

To help your war-time saving "John Bull" has secured 10,000 official War Savings Stamps, to be distributed FREE amongst "Bullets" Prize-winners. Look out for YOUR first stamp with ANY prize won in this Contest.

Extra entries on plain paper will be accepted at same rate of entry-fee.

BULLETS' 1,209 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £200 plus Radiogram:

T. W. M. SMITH, 76, Seaford Street, Shelton, Stoke-on-Trent.

Example: SHATTERING BLOW

Bullet: DON'T SHATTER NERVES, *Expecting!*

SECOND PRIZE, £20 plus Hamper:

C. P. CLUCAS, 8, Utting Avenue, Annfield, Liverpool.

Example: When Mother-in-law Calls

Bullet: The Uninvited *Gestapo!*

THIRD PRIZE, £10 plus Hamper:

L. J. HOLLAND, 49, Stonescroft Way, W Croydon, Surrey.

Example: What's Wrong With Adolf

Bullet: No "Hand Raised" Earlier.

OTHER PRIZES, each accompanied by Hamper:

C. H. P. NORTHFIELD, 11, Heathfield Road, Bromley, Kent.
Careless Words—Mean "Mourners"—Be "Mute."

G. H. MARTIN, 38, Lynn Road, Gaywood, King's Lynn.
Shattering Blow—Allotment's "Ten Rods" Preparing.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

C. BENCK, 319, Green Lanes, London, N.
If Hitler Ruled Britain—We'd Never "Control Ourselves."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. plus Duckling

E. BROOKFIELD, 128, Pinchfield Lane, Wolverhampton.
Road To Victory—"Uphill"—Why "Carry" Profiteer?

M. CURNOW, St. Ives, Thornhill Road, Ickenham, Middlesex.
Test Of Time—"Ever Yours" Over Years.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

Mrs. F. H. CLARKE, 10, Sawrey Place, Bradford.
Shattering Blow—Finally—Drink's Daily "Kick."

S. PEAKINS, 21, Hambrough Road, Southall, Middlesex.
Question For Tribunal—Is It *Funk* Speaking?

Mrs. H. E. LEE, 23, Ridgeway, Grays, Essex.
If Hitler Ruled Britain—"Crowd" Outside Palace, Sorries!

MUNGAL, "Springfield," Ryall, Bridport, Dorset.
What Might Have Been—Rose-buds, Rows Of Spuds!

S. PICKARD, 91, Ansley Common, nr. Nuneaton.
King Winter—Off—Wintry Spring, "Offspring."

H. C. RICHARDSON, c/o Mrs. Chamberlain, Cottesmore, Rutland.
Heroes Of The Sea—Describe Themselves, "Ordinary Seamen."

L. N. SMITH, 164, The Grove, West Wickham, Kent.
Road To Victory—Toil Up, "Tail Up"!

P. S. SMITH, The Copners, Holmer Green, High Wycombe.
If Hitler Ruled Britain—Ruthless Eagle—"Toothless" Bulldog.

List of 25 winners of 10s. plus Duckling and 200 winners of Surprise Awards can be seen at these offices.

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

IF WINSTON WERE PREMIER
THANKS TO THE B.E.F.
PRIVATE PHYLLIS
WANTED TO HELP
UNTIL THE WAR'S OVER
WHEN DAD RETURNS
GERMAN EAGLE
STAMPS
IN SERVICE
AS WE FEARED
MOTHER NATURE
NO WORK
THE WINNERS
ORPHANS
SONNY'S AN OFFICER, SO
SHE DREAMS OF THE DAY WHEN
BEFORE THE DOCTOR
SHOWS HE'S A TRICKSTER
MARK OF THE BEAST
IF JITTERS WERE TAXED

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

..... FOR ALL
IN ..... GARDEN
WASTING .....
THE BEST .....
THE ..... PASSED AND
NEEDS .....

N.B. Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 36, may be enclosed with *Bullets*; double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword weekly.

ADDRESS ENTRY:

"Bullets" No. 1,213, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

WIN WITH THIS NEW EASY-to-ENTER COUPON for 1, 2, 3 or 4 BULLETS

You MUST complete this LABEL to assure receiving POST-FREE copy of "Bullets" Bulletin dated Sat., Apr. 6. **MARK X here....**

If you do not already possess a red Collecting Book for National Savings Stamps.

NAME.....

Full Postal ADDRESS.....
—Clear Block Letters

.....
24

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,213

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

Closing postmark

SAT., MAR. 23

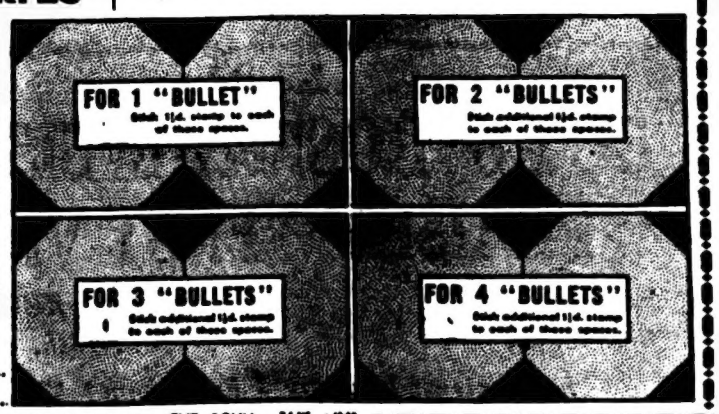
SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

ENTRY-FEE

Firmly affix 1½d. Stamps in these spaces at the rate of 3d. for each Bullet submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred, in which case write its number and value below.

P.O. Value.....
No.....



CUT ROUND THIS LINE

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid 6d. (or prize) coupons for *Bullets* No. 1,213 or X-word No. 194 entry value 1s. or over, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

FREE SAVINGS STAMPS FOR PRE-PAID VOUCHER APPLICANTS

APPLY ON THIS COUPON—VALID UNTIL MONDAY, APRIL 1

APART from distribution of Savings Stamps with this week's *Bullets* and Crossword Prizes, JOHN BULL will present UNLIMITED FREE SAVINGS STAMPS to readers applying on this Coupon for Prepaid Entry Vouchers, taking place of P.O. or stamps as entry-fee.

With FIVE 6d. VOUCHERS, cost 2s. 6d.—ONE NATIONAL SAVINGS STAMP GIFT.
With TEN 6d. VOUCHERS, cost 5s.—TWO NATIONAL SAVINGS STAMP GIFTS.

Simply enclose this coupon with *Bullets* or Crossword entry, deleting unwanted line below—write "FREE GIFT" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

I enclose { Additional 2s. 6d. for 5 6d. VOUCHERS plus 1 FREE SAVINGS STAMP.
{ Additional 5s. for 10 6d. VOUCHERS plus 2 FREE SAVINGS STAMPS.

NAME

ADDRESS

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what, the opinion of the judges in consultation with Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the er prizes in order of merit, the test being verness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and stamps must be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

"Their Effect Is Practically Instantaneous"

"I Feel Quite Different And Wonderfully Better"

"I Recommend Them To All Who Are RUN-DOWN AND POOR IN HEALTH"

DRAMATIC TRIBUTE TO "YEAST-VITE"

Brand Tonic Tablets

Fallowfield,
MANCHESTER, 14.
January 15th, 1940

Dear Sirs,

On the advice of a friend I took YEAST-VITE Tablets and after only half a bottle I feel quite different and wonderfully better.

I am recommending them to all my friends who feel run-down and in poor health. Their effect is practically instantaneous.

You may use this testimonial with the greatest pleasure.

Yours gratefully, Miss D. S.

LATE

GUY'S HOSPITAL SISTER PRAISES YEAST-VITE

KEW,
Jan. 15th, 1940.

Gentlemen,

I am pleased to say I have found YEAST-VITE all you described, particularly in my own case, Insomnia.

I have since had a large bottle and have derived much benefit from same.

Thanking you for benefit derived,

Yours sincerely (Signed) Sister M.
(late Guy's Hospital, London).

Tooting Junction, S.W.17.
January 4th, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

I saw an advert of yours some time ago for YEAST-VITE Tablets, and as I was feeling run-down at the time I purchased a bottle; and I must say I was very surprised at the benefit I derived from them.

Since then I have recommended them to several of my friends, who have also found them a great help.

I thought perhaps this letter might be of use to you, so if you care to make use of it, I should be pleased to think other people may derive as much benefit as I have done.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) MRS. S.

VERY WEAK AND NERVY

E. Greenwich,
S.E.10.
December, 1939.

Dear Sir,

I am sending you an unsolicited testimonial for you to use in your adverts for Yeast-Vite.

I have been suffering badly from depression and nerves, and it left me very weak and nervy until I saw your advert for Yeast-Vite Tablets.

I began taking 1 after meals and 2 at night, and can truthfully say I had not had a night's sleep for weeks until I took the 2 tablets at bedtime.

I have recommended them to my neighbours, and in three cases they have called to thank me for the recommendation.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) MR. K. L. S.

"Since Joining Up I Find Even A Couple Of Tablets A Day Very Beneficial"

Dorset,
7th November, 1939.

Dear Sirs,

Just a few lines to express my satisfaction and appreciation of your marvellous tablets—"YEAST-VITE."

I have used same now fairly consistently for the past . . years, and find them very necessary for my general health.

Since joining up I find even a couple of tablets a day very beneficial.

I recommend them to others for general fitness.

Yours gratefully,
(Signed) MR. L. C.

RAPID RESULTS

The secret of the immense success of Yeast-Vite lies, of course, in the fact that it is an accurate scientific combination of PURE MEDICINAL YEAST (Saccharomyces Cerevisiæ), especially rich in Vitamin B, and other wonderful tonic ingredients as prescribed by leading specialists.

Yeast-Vite is the record QUICK Tonic—there is no waiting days or even hours for benefit. Often in a few MINUTES you can feel the change. Pain dies away!! Weakness is changed to strength!! Depression is defeated!! Listlessness disappears. Life becomes happy, joyous, worth living!! PROVE IT FOR YOURSELF!!

Don't FEAR 'FLU —FIGHT IT!

Yeast-Vite gives you the POWER. It makes your whole body FIGHTING FIT to resist Influenza and disease germs.

"This Miserable Complaint"

November 20th, 1939.

Dear Sirs,

I feel it my duty to write to you and let you know the benefit I have obtained by taking your YEAST-VITE tonic tablets.

Being a sufferer from insomnia for some years, I can now safely rely upon a good night's rest, and I assure you there is at least one house that will not be without them.

I have been recommending the YEAST-VITE to all I know who suffer from this miserable complaint.

I am, Yours faithfully,
(Signed) MRS. W.

Accept This Offer!

This is unquestionably the most honest, straightforward and fair dealing offer ever made to the British public. For your health's sake accept it to-day. If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, obtain a 1/3 bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY, simply return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded at once and in full without quibble or question. YEAST-VITE brand tablets are sold everywhere at 6d., 1/3, 3/-, and 5/-.

F. 39 | J.B.L.115 | 102*

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